

# THE LIVING AGE.

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No. 885.—18 May, 1861.

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## THE FLAG OF FORT SUMTER.

We have humbled the flag of the United States."

—Gov. Pickens.

OUR banner humbled!—when it flew  
Above the band that fought so well,  
And not till hope's last ray withdrew,  
Before the traitor's cannon fell!

No! Anderson! with loud acclaim,  
We hail thee hero of the hour,  
When circling batteries poured their flame,  
Against thy solitary tower.

Stood Lacedæmon then less proud,  
When her three hundred heroes slain,  
No road but o'er their breasts, allowed  
To Xerxes and his servile train?

Or does New England blush to show  
You hill, though victory crowned it not,—  
Though Warren fell before the foe,  
And Putnam left the bloody spot?

The voices of earth's noblest fields  
With the deep voice within unite—  
'Tis not success true honor yields,  
But faithful courage for the right.

Keep, then, proud foe, the crumbled tower,  
From those brave few by thousands torn,  
But keep in silence, lest the hour  
Should come for vengeance on your scorn.

Yet I could weep; for where ye stand,  
In friendly converse have I stood;  
And clasped, perchance, full many a hand,  
Now armed to shed a brother's blood.

O God of Justice! smile once more  
Upon our flag's victorious path;  
And when a stern, short strife is o'er,  
Bid mercy triumph over wrath!

Dorchester, April 20th, 1861.

S. G. B.

—Boston Transcript.

## "WHAT THE HAND FINDETH TO DO."

My true love laid her hand on mine,  
Her soft and gentle hand,  
'Twas like a wreath of purest snow  
Upon the embrowned land.

As white it was as snow new fallen,  
Like snow without its chill;  
And the blue veins marbled it sweetly o'er,  
But left it snowlike still.

I looked at her hand, so white and soft;  
At my own, so brown and hard:

"This is for strife and toil," I said;  
"And that for love and reward.

"This is to keep the wolf of Want  
Away from the hearth of home;  
And this to welcome me tenderly,  
When back to that hearth I come.

"This is to labor with tireless nerves,  
Perchance at tasks that soil;  
And this to greet with a loving clasp  
The palm that is rough with toil.

"This is to win through rock and wood  
A way, where way seemed none;  
And this to chafe the poor proud limbs  
That droop when the goal is won.

"This is to grasp in the world's long fight  
The weapons that men must wield;  
And this to bind up the aching wounds  
Ta'en on the well-fought field.

"This is to put forth all its strength  
In Earth's rough tasks and strife;  
And this to kindle the sweet love-fires  
That brighten the march of life.

"For labor, and sweat, and scars is this;  
And this to scatter round  
The flowers of beauty, and love, and hope,  
On Home's enchanted ground.

"I would these fingers, for thy sweet sake,  
Might a giant's strength command,  
To toil for and guard thee worthily—  
But Love will strengthen my hand.

"And if ever its weakness o'ercome its will,  
And it fail in its toilsome part,  
The fate that disables my fainting hand,  
As surely will still my heart."

—Chambers's Journal.

## LET HIM PASS ME SCORNFUL BY.

Let him pass me scornful by,  
What care I?

To look as cold, I can try,  
So for looks—what care I?  
The pangs I feel he shall not know;  
Nor sigh, nor tear my love shall show.

Another heart he may woo;  
What care I?

He may court, and wed her too,  
That he may—What care I?  
So that my grief he doth not know,  
Until in death my love I show.

Then he may his error find;  
What care I?

Wish he had not been so blind;  
Hopeless wish—What care I?  
Though peace and rest no more I know,  
A broken heart his grief shall show.  
—"Songs of Labor," by John Plummer.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A SPRING.

WHOE'ER thou art that stay'st to quaff  
The streams that here from caverns dim  
Arise to fill thy cup, and laugh  
In sparkling beads about the brim,  
In all thy thoughts and words as pure  
As these sweet waters mayst thou be,  
To all thy friends as firm and sure,  
As prompt in all thy charity.

—Chambers's Journal.

From The Westminster Review.

VOLTAIRE'S ROMANCES AND THEIR MORAL.

*Voltaire's Romances and Novels.* Romans de Voltaire.

IN Goldsmith's story, our great lexicographer is represented as a candidate for a place in the chariot of Fame, which he claims by virtue of the ponderous Dictionary he bears under his arm. He is informed, much to his surprise, that Fame cares nothing for his *magnum opus*, and intends to assign him a place among those she honors only for the sake of the little romance he thought too trifling even to put forward. Whether right or wrong as regarded Johnson, the fable will apply to many eminent literary men who, laboring hard to overtake Fame in one way, were surprised to find her coming to meet them in a direction entirely unexpected. On what does the renown of Voltaire mainly rest? The vast philosophical dictionary has made but little mark upon the intellect of Europe. The "Henriade" is looked upon very much as people think of a college prize poem. The nations which possess a Shakespeare, a Schiller, an Alfieri, can scarcely warm into enthusiasm even over "Zaire;" and it is difficult to read the "Orphan of China" without a sensation of the ludicrous at the *petit maitre* love-making of the great Tartar conqueror. Even Voltaire the clear and vivid historian is quite overshadowed by Voltaire the satirist and the wit. Of that latter being, the best and most characteristic memorials possessed by posterity are the fantastic, humorous *nouvellettes* and satirical fables known as his romances. A man's true nature, says Goethe, is best divined by observing what he ridicules. In these romances we can study Voltaire's real nature; for in them we have set before us all he thought ridiculous in society around him and in the general systems of the world. In them he is not playing the philosopher or toiling to be an epic poet. In them we can discern him free of the personal weaknesses with which feeble health, much flattery, self-created vexations, and the injudicious humors of friends, crusted over his better nature. A man who thoroughly and fairly studied these little stories would probably lay them down with a better knowledge of the real nature and genius of Voltaire than was acquired by Frederick of Prussia,

by Madame du Chatelet, or by Madame Denis.

It was unfortunate for the development of Voltaire's special gifts that he should have been proclaimed, because of a few bold utterances, a prophet by one party of listeners, and a blasphemer by another. It is unfortunate for the true appreciation of his genius, that so many people still persist in regarding him as an audacious infidel philosopher, or a great progressive sage. The truth is, that nature, character, and circumstances quite disqualified Voltaire from becoming what can with any propriety be termed a philosopher of any kind. He was unable to take a large and general view of most subjects; to balance the good and the evil; to discern how much of either was accidental to a system, and how much was inherent and ineradicable; to trace out patiently the connection of effect with cause. Voltaire's was what Condorcet correctly termed an impatient spirit. The absurdities or the defects of any thing actually coming under his own notice, Voltaire could expose to ridicule and contempt as no man else could. If a system had a weak point, Voltaire could in the fewest possible words place its weakness in the most ludicrous light. But he was not a man whose opinion of the general character of the system should have been accepted unconditionally by any one. Few men of his day were less qualified to judge of Christianity as a system of religion; but no man could so effectively expose the errors and inconsistencies into which the professing Christians plunged when they set up their own self-conceit and prejudice as the interpreter and standard of Christian doctrines. It is amazing to observe the dread and horror with which many people even still shrink from the perusal of Voltaire's writings. Supposing him to have been an anti-Christian, a more harmless opponent Christianity has seldom encountered. That man must in our days indeed be simple whose Christian faith could be affected in the slightest by the keenest of Voltaire's arguments. Even where Voltaire had a clear view of the truth, he frequently failed to take a tenable position in its favor. He founded a variety of arguments against popery upon the contrast between the personal immortality of many popes and their supposed spiritual infallibility. But he

seemed to forget that Roman Catholics do not claim personal infallibility for a pope acting merely as an individual; and that Roman Catholic doctrines, true or false, are no more affected by the blunders or the crimes of a single pope than the truths of any part of the Old Testament by the human errors of David. Voltaire is generally as weak in his theological arguments as in his famous explanation of the vestiges of shelly formations found in the Alps, by the hypothesis of pilgrims having let fall their cockleshells while crossing the Great St. Bernard. It is astonishing to find many people even still fall into the unspeakable absurdity of regarding Voltaire as an atheist, in ignorance of the fact that some of the only serious and dreary passages in his satires are those which he devotes to the superfluous labor of demonstrating the irrationality of atheism. Indeed, Voltaire all but detested atheists, and firmly believed he had himself given to the world some splendid confutations of their errors. Unfortunately, the individual who set up for an atheist must have been a very dull personage indeed if he could not answer some of the arguments which Voltaire pompously parades for his confusion in the dialogue between the pious Englishman, Freind, and the infidel companion of the youth who bears the peculiarly British prenomens of Ienni. The explanation is, that Voltaire really felt little interest in abstract truths of any kind. A genuine human grievance, a downright human folly, quickened him into intense animation; but he had not a nature which sympathized much with the mere maintenance of principle. His genius was altogether of the partisan order. He did not much trouble himself by a laborious investigation of both sides of a question; but where his instinct led him right, he could hit with a keen force which philosophy alone could never master. All his interests were thoroughly human, thoroughly wrapped up in the movements of ordinary life. Many of his philosophic sayings, and dogmas, which were received in his own day with reverent admiration or with shouts of denunciation, are universally recognized now as the mere commonplaces of truth, or as paradoxes whose extravagance needs no refutation. But the satirical wit which he brought to the exposure of some actual grievance or genuine folly remains

immortal—keen and fresh as ever, although the grievance and the folly have long passed away. One popular idea of Voltaire is that of a mere scoffer at sacred things, a ribald reviler of the best human sentiments. Another common notion of him is that of a cold sceptic, who subjected every thing to the test of a narrow reasoning process; a man who cared nothing personally either for good or evil; who was all brain and no heart. If these romances fairly reflect the real nature of Voltaire, they exhibit the character of a very warm-hearted, sensitive, indiscriminating man, who sickened over human suffering and human persecution, and who employed, with an almost reckless prodigality, against the enemies he hated most, the instinctive weapon of wit which served him best.

As mere stories, these romances have little value. No reader can be warmed into any interest by their personages or their incidents. No one can for a moment forget that Voltaire is speaking to him, and not the princess of Babylon, or the luckless Candide. No child could care to read them. The very simplest student of fairy-tale literature could not be deceived into believing that they breathed the genuine atmosphere of the East. There is no rich coloring in them; no heightening of beauty, as Mary Wortley Montagu said, by the idea of profusion; very little simple pathos; scarcely a gleam of hearty, exhilarating good-humor. Some one said no pure mind could understand them. Taken in its literal meaning, the criticism was entirely unjust; but it was very correct indeed, if it merely meant to signify that no one, ignorant of the evil ways of the world in Voltaire's age, could appreciate or even comprehend them. They are simply the satirical hooks on which Voltaire gibbeted, for exposure to the world and posterity, all the evils of human origin which he saw crushing down humanity in France. His satire is often too comprehensive and sweeping; often, indeed, entirely unjust in its personal application. Whatever Voltaire did of his own impulse, he did earnestly, and sometimes extravagantly. He did not go to war for an idea; he embodied every opponent, and hated it like a personal enemy. The same headlong generosity and headlong animosity which characterized him in his dealings with individuals entered into



his satirical review of events and systems. Right or wrong, Voltaire was thoroughly practical, and when he touched the shield of an opponent, hit fiercely and straightforward with the point of his weapon. What shortens the average lives of Frenchmen? what makes men poor, and keeps them so? what embitters domestic life? what renders children curses instead of blessings? what stifles free thought? what turns philosophy to a sham?—these were questions with which his sympathies tormented Voltaire. He thought that the state of society around him gave answers to many of them, which he determined to interpret into intelligible language. The satirical romances are valuable because they contain Voltaire's explanations of the condition of France in his day. War, religion, hypocrisy, religious intolerance, court domination and court intrigue, superficial or quack philosophy, idlers, soldiers, and priests—these Voltaire looked upon as the national evils of France; therefore his romances are simply satires directed unchangingly and perseveringly against all these enemies. But for the never-failing wit which makes the dullest theme sparkle with the most varying lights, they would be positively monotonous, so uniform is their pervading purpose.

War of any kind seemed to Voltaire a pure, unmitigated evil. He saw nothing in it but scenes such as he has described in "Candide"—slaughter and licentiousness, blazing roofs and mangled bodies. Religion he almost invariably identified with its professors, as Mr. Bertram in Scott's novel, could only think of the king's revenues as embodied in the persons of the guagers. Voltaire looked around society, and saw that bigotry and lazy priests were common there. He heard doctrines of the most savage intolerance promulgated as if they were gospel truths. He knew that men and women harmless, industrious, and moral people—had been turned out of house and home because they differed from the ruling Church on the question of Transubstantiation, or the unqualified supremacy of the pope. He had spoken with those who could tell him of the scenes which followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He saw that to persecute the religious opinions of others was very often accepted as an atonement for personal immorality and irreligion. After

reading one of Voltaire's descriptions of a bigot and a priest, it is painful to have to believe that in many instances the strength of the satire lay in the unexaggerated correctness of its application. A man must not be charged with deliberate impiety, even if he sometimes was extravagant in his scorn of religious teaching which their own exponents maintained must necessarily conduct to the intolerance they practised. Voltaire was a nervous man, with a keen dread of physical pain. He quivered all over at the idea of bodily torture. He saw that throughout the course of history one point of resemblance had connected almost all the great religious sects of the world. Each, in its day of power, had, at some time or other, endeavored to enforce its views by the infliction of bodily torture. Voltaire was not sufficiently impartial to recognize the fact, that it was but the possession of unlimited power by arrogant human creatures which had led to the employment of such modes of persecution. A man of feeling rather than of reasoning power, it was enough for him to see that in France there was neither happiness nor freedom; that something calling itself religion presided ostensibly over society, and represented to the world the Divine Providence as a kind of exaggeration of the character of Louis XIV. It was sufficient for Voltaire to observe this; and, gifted with the most powerful weapon in the world, he used it like a partisan, and not like a philosopher.

Voltaire was particularly angry with some of those who invented consolations for men's misery. He flamed up especially against those who endeavored to satisfy unquiet minds with the shallow quibbles which passed for optimism, and whose whole secret consisted in calling a disagreeable thing by a fine name. The Lisbon earthquake, which took place in 1755, had, no one needs to be told, an especial effect on the mind of Voltaire. It seemed to him that such a calamity utterly confounded the self-satisfied dogmas of those who sought to philosophize a beneficent scheme out of the events of this world alone, without reference to any supplemental and higher state of being. Well-meaning persons furnish terrible weapons to a man like Voltaire, when they endeavor to vindicate God's providence by ingenious arguments about the fitness of things, and

the physical and human good directly arising out of every thing. The Lisbon earthquake taken by itself—and Voltaire would not take it otherwise—appeared to him a mere destruction of human life, an uncompensated and unconditioned evil. It was idle to tell Voltaire that the earthquake which destroyed so many human beings must be regarded as a beneficent process, because a certain condition of physical nature or of society demanded a purgation. An intellect very much below that of Voltaire could not fail to perceive the absurdity of such an argument, or, indeed, of any argument which takes upon itself to interpret and explain the secrets of Providence. Few will forget that, in the town of Frankfurt, a bright-eyed precocious child began to argue himself into infidelity because of that same Lisbon earthquake. A genius of a more exalted and poetic kind effaced the morbid impressions drawn out of this calamity more readily from the mind of Goethe than from that of Voltaire. The reasoning of Voltaire upon this and kindred subjects is not indeed a whit better than that of the moral philosophers who argued against him. Taken in Voltaire's point of view, a single twinge of toothache ought as distinctly to interfere with the belief in a beneficent Providence as the destruction of countless lives in Lisbon. If we accept Voltaire's reasoning, that physical suffering caused to a human being is nothing but evil, and that a beneficent Power cannot cause or tolerate evil, the momentary pang of a single individual is quite as efficacious for the argument, as the ruin of a city. But Voltaire's reasonings upon the Lisbon earthquake explain, in great measure, the character of the man, and excuse much that seems unmeasured in his satires. He looked only at the outside or shell of every thing, and weighed all questions by their relation to man's physical happiness. Optimism jarred most harshly against Voltaire's special ways of thinking. The romance of "Candide" contains in the person of Dr. Pangloss one of the strongest, coarsest caricatures satiric literature can produce. It is impossible not to be amused at the whimsically pertinacious manner in which Pangloss clings to his philosophy, despite of all external shocks: and at the naïve credulity and naïve scepticism of Candide, equally absurd when he believes and when

he doubts. But the satire is extravagantly overdone, just because the satirist felt his subject warmly, and determined to draw his caricature in such thick deep lines that no one could fail to recognize the portrait. The story, too, is spun out beyond all reasonable endurance. Candide's travels want variety. Nobody could read the work merely as a story: and a satirical tale, whatever its merits, is so far a failure if it cannot be admired for its mere narrative. "Candide" cannot be read as people read "Gulliver's Travels," or "Gil Blas." It entirely lacks warm descriptive power, and shows little skill in the delineation of character. No man had a keener eye for human whims, weaknesses, and follies than the satirist of Cirey: but while he could set these off in the most ludicrous light, Voltaire could not draw a full individual character. He did not even trouble himself to develop whatever capability of that kind he may have possessed. His interest was not in the narrative he told, or the people he described, but in the follies and vices he satirized; and so long as he made his meaning plain and vivid, he was little concerned for the artistic perfection of the narrative. He concentrated his eyes upon the peculiar object he wished to satirize, until at length its proportions became magnified to his vision. Pangloss is a personage of preposterous absurdity; so extravagantly drawn that the traits sometimes fail to have any genuine satirical force of application. It is curious to observe how inartistic and ineffective Voltaire is when compared with Swift upon a parallel subject. Gulliver is about the size of a Brobdnagian's little finger. We can all see the relative proportions, and can appreciate the humor of the situations in which such a pigmy is placed when encompassed by such giants. We can at once conceive what Gulliver looks like on Glumdalclitch's knee. But of Voltaire's Micromegas, who is so large that he takes a whale upon his thumbnail, and requires a microscope to discern the shape of the leviathan, we can form no conception whatever. The extravagance of the disproportion renders it quite impossible to realize, and so deprives it of the power even to excite our wonder. What Micromegas is to the Brobdnagians, Pangloss is to Don Quixote.

Is it not a mistake to talk of the knowledge of human nature displayed in "Zadig"

and "Candide"? Where is there in these stories a single personage like any ordinary man or woman? Where is there any capacity evinced for moulding and blending together the variety of traits which make up even the most insipid of human characters? To discern that some men were honest, and some hypocritical; that most women of the age were over-fond of gayety and of pleasure; that priests were sometimes sensual and sometimes deceitful; that magistrates were occasionally corrupt; that courtiers were not uncommonly parasites; and that philosophers not unusually got into depths where they could neither stand nor float,—to discern all this surely required no very profound penetration of human nature. Yet the groundwork of all Voltaire's satires sinks no deeper than this. Even on some of his favorite themes Voltaire was occasionally quite incorrect in his general views of the human character. Hypocrisy was one of the vices he most delighted to satirize. Yet he never appeared to appreciate the fact, that scarcely any human being ever believed himself to be a hypocrite, and admitted himself to a full, bare knowledge of his own falsehood. Voltaire's idea of a hypocrite is the old stage villain who deceives others, but not himself. Voltaire delighted to expose bigotry, but his picture of a bigot was almost invariably that of a mere religious swindler,—a man cruel in the repression of antagonistic belief, but himself without either faith or morals. Indeed, Voltaire generally delineated human nature as a very much more simple and less complicated kind of thing than any really comprehensive observer would have drawn it. One of the commonest of errors is to ascribe to a man a profound insight into human nature because he is quick in ferreting out certain special foibles or vices. Ordinary individuals in gossiping conversation commonly display an abundance of this kind of penetration into the moral constitution of their neighbors. The majority of Voltaire's men and women are mere lay figures on which to hang his scraps of satire. The princess of Babylon is not distinguishable from Cune-gonde or Astarte, except by the difference of the adventures. Even the adventures themselves are frequently flat and colorless in effect. Compare the travels of *Candide* with the voyages of *Sinbad*! Compare the

sketches of gay life with those of *Gil Blas*! Compare the portraits of eccentric or humorous characters with those of *Molière*! Compare the extravaganza incidents with those of *Swift*! Compare the Oriental correspondence of *Amabed* with the "Persian Letters" of *Montesquieu*. Nowhere does Voltaire sink for a moment his own identity. Less egotistical than *Rousseau* so far as direct allusion to himself was concerned, he was far more so in the perpetual introduction of his own peculiar notions upon every subject. Other of the great charms of every species of fiction are also wanting to these stories. Scarcely a gleam of beauty, even of the sensuous kind, shines upon them. Beauty of style is not the thing wanting, for in their own way the style of these stories is incomparable. But no sensation is diffused by any one of them to show that their author thrilled with any emotion for beauty in nature or in art. Even a beautiful woman is only described by a dry catalogue of charms like that pronounced by *Olivia* in "Twelfth Night":—"Item, two lips indifferent red; item, two gray eyes; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth." There is not so much of a recognition of the beautiful throughout the whole of these romances as is expressed in the few lines of the Roman satirist about the valley and springs of *Egeria*. There is little of human affection in them: little even of genuine human passion. For aught these satiric fables teach us, men and women might be only good from a sense of propriety or honor, bad because they happened to have no such feeling. Parting and death—those most pregnant themes of the story-teller of every age—have scarcely any real share in the interest of these romances. In the story of the *Huron*, *L'Ingenu*, and his beautiful and ill-fated mistress, Voltaire most nearly approaches to a sympathy with the pangs of parted lovers; and yet it may be very well questioned whether any human eyes ever moistened over the separation and sufferings of the pair he describes. It is only by observing the deficiency of Voltaire in so many of the great leading qualities of a story-teller and a satirist that it is possible to appreciate fully the surpassing power of the special attributes by which he became so successful in each capacity.

The purpose which animates almost every

one of these tales, and the wit which gives force and brightness to every one of them, are the characteristics for which they merit to be immortal. No cold sceptic, working with unimpassioned heart and bitter tongue, is discernible to the reader who gives them an impartial study, but a sensitive and impulsive man, whose earnest nature lent fire to his matchless wit. That weapon of wit which in these satires Voltaire wielded honestly for the sake of his fellow-men, was surely the very keenest of its kind ever employed in such a cause. Some of these romances preserve its finest achievements. Voltaire's wit is not like Molière's, for it never exuberates; or Pascal's, for it never acknowledges earnestness; or Le Sage's, for it is never sprightly and careless; or Goldsmith's, for it is never childlike, or Swift's, for it is never savage; or Sydney Smith's, for it never plays upon words; or Douglas Jerrold's, for it never outwardly exhibits bitterness. Time and change have indeed somewhat cooled much of the interest which the world felt in Voltaire's satire, as well as in that of Pascal. We no longer feel very keenly the evils against which those great masters of sarcasm lifted up their voices. Let us be glad to think that Father Fa Tutto is gone along with the intellectual supremacy of the Jesuits. We feel as little immediate and personal satisfaction in the humiliation of either, as in the exposure of Margaret of Navarre's detested Cordeliers. But Voltaire's wit is of a kind which owes nothing of its preservation to its subject. On the contrary, there could be no topic so ephemeral and trifling which, encased in the amber of that incomparable satire, would not remain preserved forever. It seems to have come to its author by instinct, and to have come from him without effort. None of the great humorists and satirists of the world's literature seem to have been gifted with a faculty of sarcastic expression at once so powerful and so easy. It sparkles forth so readily that it appears to have been spontaneous and out of its author's control. It is so full of meaning and so perfect, that long labor might have been given to its preparation, and that no further attempt at emendation or improvement could do any thing but spoil it. Half a dozen light, apparently careless words, and behold a whole generation's folly so completely turned inside out,

that the dullest must see its drollery, and the gravest must laugh at it. One is reminded of the expert German executioners who boasted that they could sweep their sword-blade through the neck of the culprit so lightly and so dexterously that he died without feeling the thrill of his death-blow. What an admirable essay on the wisdom of the decree which sentenced Byng to die, is wrapped up in the immortal words carelessly let fall in "Candide": "Dans ce pays-ci il est bon de tuer de temps en temps un amiral pour encourager les autres!" Probably since Voltaire wrote the lines no words have been more often quoted in his own country and in ours. People who never read one line of Voltaire, people who never bestowed a thought upon the source or the origin of the quotation, are every day repeating and applying its concluding phrase. Even the never-dying "Nous avons changé tout cela," and "que diable allait il faire dans cette galère," of Molière scarcely show themselves so often in print. Every page of these romances supplies a sentence just as pregnant with humor, just as whimsically effective in its application. Take, for instance, at random a page in "L'Homme aux Quarante Ecus"—that which describes the debate between the theologians concerning the soul of Marcus Antoninus. When all the chief reasons have been urged which sustained those who believed no worse fate than purgatory had befallen the great emperor, the argument is brought to a climax by adding, "Moreover, there is some respect due to a crowned head—il ne faut pas le damner légèrement." In how many different shapes has this sentiment been imitated and reproduced, by how many different writers, and who ever made it half so true, telling, and humorous? The Oriental Amabed, describing in his letters one of the "vice-dieux," as he terms the popes, who has just expired in Rome, pictures him as "an old, turbulent soldier, who loved war like a madman; always on horseback, distributing blessings and sabre-cuts, damning souls and killing bodies," and adds, with a comic naïveté as untranslatable as irresistible, "Quel diable de vice-dieu on avait là!" In the "Travels of Searmentado" we are told of a certain famous bishop whose boast was that he had decapitated, drowned, or burned ten millions of infidels in America. "I cannot help

thinking  
the bish  
duce his  
encore a  
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It must  
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thinking," gravely adds Scarmiento, "that the bishop exaggerated; but even if we reduce his sacrifices to five millions, *cela serait encore admirable*." Such illustrations might be multiplied through page after page. They need no searching and no selection. They lie, scattered by the prodigal hand of the great wit, everywhere over his lighter works. It must be added that many keen witticisms are couched in phrases which must not now be translated at all. Not all the adventures or the observations of *Candide* or *Cunegonde* or *Charme-les-yeux* will bear to be reproduced for any English readers of this day. Voltaire fell too freely into one of the errors of his age, and the seriousness of the error must not be treated lightly. But that age was not as ours is, and it is only fair to the memory of Voltaire to say, that he wrote but as others wrote and spoke—that his writings did not contrast with the literature of all the world besides, as the novels of Balzac, and Paul de Kock, and Dumas Fils, and so many of the *chansons* of Beranger more recently did. Many of the passages which no one now can read aloud were once recited by the lips of Voltaire himself to groups of accomplished and irreproachable women, who only laughed at their plain speaking and thought no harm. Possibly we are better than our great-grandfathers and grandmothers in this respect at least; but we must not anathematize Voltaire in especial. Voltaire's, too, let it be added, was only plain-speaking. He was not more plain-spoken than Fielding or Swift; and he never approached the corrupting, heartless, unmanly decency of Congreve or Wycherley. Even Addison, the pure and good, with "a sabbath shining on his face," will not bear to be read aloud now, unexpurgated and word for word, to a female audience. We must not condemn our authors by an *ex post facto* law; above all, we must not single any special one out, and while allowing all the rest to go scot free, apply the retrospective clause to him alone.

The story of "L'Ingenu" is that which bears the nearest resemblance to a romance, according to our English meaning. There is more of feeling in it than in any of its companions. Not thoroughly original itself, it has been the parent of many a romantic tale. A young Canadian savage, sprung from European forefathers, comes by chance

to live with his surviving relatives in France, where his simple nature is opposed, startled, and thwarted at every turn by the meanness, hypocrisy, and falsehood of civilized ways. The young Huron is, of course, the famous "noble savage" of poets and romancists: the ideal being, endowed with all the best qualities of man in his most perfect condition, and free from any of the weaknesses and errors of civilization. Generous, truthful, temperate, loving, and brave, this Huron, it must be owned, in nowise resembles any of the dirty, lying, drinking, treacherous, and remorseless savages with whom some of Voltaire's countrymen made unhappy acquaintances at a day not much later. The Huron, who for his noble simplicity is styled "L'Ingenu" becomes a Christian; and, studying the Bible, is every day bewildered to observe how little the practices of Christians consort with their doctrines. He falls in love with the beautiful Made-moiselle de Saint Yves, and is loved in return. Chance throws him in the way of gaining an important victory for his countrymen over an invading band of Englishmen (all our heroes of the same day win wonderful triumphs over the French): he goes to court to seek some reward for his services, but falling in with some expelled Huguenots on the way, espouses their cause with an ardor and an openness which bring on him a *lettre-de-cachet*. Cast into prison, he becomes the companion of an old condemned Jansenist, Gordon. From him the Huron learns to appreciate and love literature, and acquires a knowledge of many arts and sciences. The friendship and companionship of this imprisoned pair have suggested to Alexander Dumas some of the most striking personages in his "Chateau d'If." The learning and the piety of Gordon teach the Huron to be a genuine Christian; but, on the other hand, the simple, unsophisticated views and thoughts of the redeemed savage win the Jansenist away from the narrow bonds of his own peculiar sect, and invite him to the broader and more genial paths of Christianity. Those who only associate the name of Voltaire with impiety and ribaldry, would fail to recognize their ideal in the clear, strengthening, and manly tone of thought which pervades many of these passages. But misfortunes crowd upon the poor Huron. His mistress comes in de-



spair to seek him, and learning of his imprisonment, implores a powerful minister for his release. The old story of Lord Angelo or Colonel Kirke is repeated, but with a different catastrophe. A price is set upon the lover's liberation. Saint Yves struggles and resists long; but at last, betrayed by a treacherous friend, prompted by a base confessor, sacrifices herself to redeem her lover, and finally dies of grief and shame. A professional romancist might unquestionably have made a very charming and pathetic story out of these materials. Even as the tale stands written, although its satire is its most prominent part, it has many occasional glimpses of feeling and of tenderness. Gleams of a pathos not commonly belonging to such a style shine here and there through it. But Voltaire did not care to produce an affecting romance; the loves and the unmerited sufferings of L'Ingenu and his mistress were only invented to enable the author more vividly and effectively to satirize religious hypocrisy and priestly intolerance. But it is a satire such as only Voltaire could have produced. It has no playing upon words, and no extravagant caricatures. Quiet deep thrusts are so lightly given, that they seem at first mere punctures. Pascal might have written the dialogue in which Father Tout-à-tout endeavors to reconcile the conscience of the struggling St. Yves to the act forced upon her. With a quiet satirical power, wholly indescribable, we are told that the confessor was rewarded by his patron with "boxes of chocolate, sugar-candy, citron, comfits, and the Meditations of the Rev. Father Croiset and the Flower of Saints bound in morocco." Some indications, too, are in this story of a sympathy with more delicate shades of human emotion than those evoked by racks and gaol torments. "Ah!" exclaims the unhappy Saint Yves, when almost overpowered by the proffered generosity of her betrayer, "que je vous aimerais si vous ne vouliez pas être tout aimé!" L'Ingenu, the reader is told, never after her death alluded to her without a deep sigh—"et cependant sa consolation était d'en parler."

Perhaps, however, Voltaire's happiest style is to be seen in his shorter papers. His capacity for producing effective and precious trifles was something wonderful,—not mere curiosities, but condensed morceaux of gen-

uine satire, whose meaning grows and deepens as they are studied. What, for instance, can surpass the concise humor of Scarnetado's Travels? Or "The Blind Judges of Colors," with its whimsical conclusion, in which, after the recital of all the quarrels and battles which took place among the blind disputants, each of whom claimed to be an infallible judge of colors, we are gravely told that a deaf man, who had read the tale, admitted the folly of the sightless men in presuming to decide questions of color, but stoutly maintained that deaf men were the only qualified musical critics? Or Bababee and the Fakirs? A Mussulman, who is the supposed narrator of the tale, and a good Brahmin, Omri, visit the Fakir groups by the banks of the Ganges, at Benares. Some of these holy men are dancing on their heads; some inserting nails in their flesh; some staring fixedly at the tips of their noses, in the belief that they thus will see the celestial light. One, named Bababee, is revered for special sanctity because he went naked, wore a huge chain round his neck, and sat upon pointed nails which pierced his flesh. Omri consults this saintly sage as to his own chances of reaching Brahma's abode after death. The Fakir asks him how he regulates his life. "I endeavor," says Omri, "to be a good citizen, a good husband, a good father, and a good friend. I lend money without interest to those who have need; I give to the poor, and I maintain peace among my neighbors." "I am sorry for you," interrupts the pious Fakir, "your case is hopeless; you never put nails *dans votre cul*."

Such specimens, however, are only like the brick which the dullard in the old story brought away for the purpose of giving his friends an idea of the beauty of the temple. Admirably as the French language is adapted for the expression of dry, satirical humor, Voltaire developed its capability in this way to a degree equalled by no other man. So much sarcastic force was, probably, never compressed into so few and such simple words as in many of these little fictions. The reader is positively amazed at the dexterity with which subjects are placed in the most ludicrous light possible, and the easy manner in which the legerdemain is performed. Sometimes Voltaire's ideas become extravagant, but his style never does. Sydney Smith frequently lacks simplicity, but

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Voltaire is always simple, and never strains. What an admirable pamphleteer Voltaire would have made had he but been an Englishman! What inextinguishable ridicule he would have scattered over a ministry or an opposition! How irresistibly people would have been forced to think any thing he laughed at deserving of laughter! How he would have written up some measure of emancipation, and made a reluctant government afraid to refuse it! That Voltaire appreciated English freedom of speech no one needs to be told. Had he but understood the genius and the worth of our best literature as well, it would have been better for his critical, and, perhaps, for his dramatic, fame. Voltaire, of course, made fun of English ways now and then. My lord *Qu'importe*, or *What-then*, who said nothing but "How d'ye do" at quarter-hour intervals, is the prototype of many a caricature drawn by succeeding hands. But in the very chapter which contains this good-humored hit at our proverbial insular taciturnity, he calls the English the most perfect government in the world, and adds, with a truth which prevails at this day more than ever, "There are, indeed, always two parties in England who fight with the pen and with intrigue, but they invariably unite when there is need to take up arms to defend their country and their liberty; they may hate each other, but they love the State; they are like jealous lovers, whose rivalry is to see which shall serve their mistress best."

A noble weapon was that Voltaire owned, for one who used it rightly—who understood, as Sydney Smith said, how to value and how to despise it. It would be idle to deny that Voltaire sometimes used it unfairly. Fantastic, hot-tempered, sensitive, spiteful by nature, how could such a man have such a stiletto always unsheathed, and not sometimes give a jealous stab, and sometimes thrust too deeply, and sometimes wound those who were not worth piercing at all? He often imported petty personal spleens into his satires, and used his giant's strength upon some poor ephemeral pigmy, some Freron, or some Boyer. But so did Horace, and Pope, and Swift, and so has Thackeray done even in our own milder days. Voltaire has got a worse name for meanness of this kind than almost any other man of kindred genius, and yet seems, after all, to deserve

it less than most of the great satirists of the world.

Indeed, posterity has, upon the whole, dealt very harshly with Voltaire's errors, and made scant allowance of the praise which his purposes and efforts so often deserved. Few of the leading satirists of literature ever so consistently and, all things considered, so boldly turned his point against that which deserved to be wounded. Religious intolerance and religious hypocrisy, the crying sins of France in Voltaire's day, were the steady objects of his satire. Where, in these stories at least, does he attempt to satirize religion? Where does he make a gibe of genuine human affection? Where does he sneer at an honest effort to serve humanity? Where does he wilfully turn his face from the truth? Calmly surveying those marvellous satirical novels, the unprejudiced reader will search in vain for the blasphemy and impiety with which so many well-meaning people have charged the fictions of Voltaire. Where is the blasphemy in "Zadig"? It is brimful of satire against fickle wives and false friends, intriguing courtiers, weak kings, intolerant ecclesiastics, and many other personages tolerably well known in France at that day. They might naturally complain of blasphemy who believed themselves included in the description of the learned Magi who doomed Zadig to be impaled for his heretical doctrines touching the existence of griffins. "No one was impaled after all, whereupon many wise doctors murmured and presaged the speedy downfall of Babylon," was a sentence which probably many in Paris thought exceedingly offensive and impious. Possibly yet greater offence was conveyed to many minds by Zadig's famous candle argument. Zadig became sold to slavery, and fell into the hands of a very humane and rational merchant, named Setoc. "He discovered in his master a natural tendency to good and much clear sense. He was sorry to observe, however, that Setoc adored the sun, moon, and stars, according to the ancient usage of Araby. . . . One evening Zadig lit a great number of flambeaux in the tent, and when his patron appeared, flung himself on his knees before the illumined wax, exclaiming, "Eternal and brilliant lights, be always propitious to me!" "What are you doing?" asked Setoc, in

amazement. "I am doing as you do," replied Zadig. "I adore the lamps, and I neglect their Maker and mine." Setoc comprehended the profound sense of this illustration. The wisdom of his slave entered his soul; he lavished his incense no more upon created things, but adored the Eternal Being who made them all.

Is it impious to satirize the glory of war, the levity of French society, the practice of burying the dead in close churchyards in the midst of cities, the venal disposed of legal and military offices? All these are the subjects on which the author pours out his gall in the "Vision of Babouc." The travels of Scarmantado simply expose religious intolerance in France, Spain, England, Italy, Holland, China, etc. The letters of Amabed denounce fanaticism coupled with profligacy. Any thing said against the manner in which the vices of Fa Tutto are exposed, must apply equally to Aristophanes and Juvenal, to Rabelais and Swift, to Marlowe and Massinger. The "History of Jenni" is a very humdrum argumentation against atheism; inefficacious, we fear, to convert very hardened infidels, and serving only to demonstrate the author's good intentions and his incapacity for theological controversy. "The White Bull," if it have any meaning whatever beyond that of any of Anthony Hamilton's Fairy Tales, means to satirize the literal interpretations of certain portions of the Old Testament in which very stupid theologians delighted. To accuse of blasphemy every man who refused to accept the interpretations which Voltaire in this extravagant parable appears to reject, would be to affix the charge upon some of the profoundest of our own theologians, some of the best and wisest of our thinkers. It is unquestionable that Voltaire was deficient in that quality which we call veneration. He had no respect even for what Carlyle terms the "majesty of custom." With all his hatred of intolerance, he was himself singularly intolerant of error. He did not care to *menager* the feelings of those whose logical inaccuracy he ridiculed. Frequently and grievously he sinned against good taste—against that kindly, manly feeling which prompts a gentle mode of pointing out a fellow-man's errors and follies. But there is nothing in these volumes, at least, which affords any real foundation for

a charge of blasphemy, or wilful impiety; and these volumes more truly and faithfully than any thing else which remains of him reflect to posterity the real character and spirit, the head and heart, of Voltaire. In these we learn what Voltaire thought deserving of ridicule: and with that knowledge, on the great German's principle, we come to know the man himself.

What is the moral of all these satires? Voltaire gave them to the world with a moral purpose, and, indeed, marred the artistic effect of many of them by the resolute adherence with which he clung to it. Do they teach any thing else but that truth, unselfishness, genuine religious feeling, freedom, and love are the good angels of humanity; and falsehood, selfishness, hypocrisy, intolerance, and lawless passion its enemies and its curses? Why accept Juvenal as a moral teacher, and reject Voltaire? Why affix to the name of Voltaire a stigma no one now applies to that of Rabelais? Voltaire mocked at certain religious teachings unquestionably; and it is not, under ordinary circumstances, amiable or creditable to find food for satire in the religious ceremonial or professions of any man. To do so would now be unamiable, because it would be wholly unnecessary. Where each man has full and equal freedom to preach, pray, and profess what he pleases, nothing but malignity or vulgarity can prompt any one to make a public gibe of his neighbor's ceremonials of worship, even although his neighbor's moral practices may appear somewhat inconsistent with true worship of any kind. To satirize the practices or doctrines of the Established Church of any civilized country now argues, not courage, but sheer impertinence and vulgarity. There is no need to scoff at that which no one is constrained to reverence. But things were very different when Voltaire wrote. To set the world laughing at certain religious ceremonials was a very pardonable act when those who conducted them arrogated to themselves dominion over the worldly and the eternal happiness of any one who declined to join in their mode of worship. Where it might entail banishment, worldly ruin, or even death, to speak a free word of criticism upon the doctrines or the hierophants of the dominant church, it was not merely a very excusable, but a very necessary and praiseworthy deed to expose the

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folly of some of the teachings, the inconsistency and immorality of some of the teachers.

Gessler may wear his hat any fashion he chooses, and only ill-breeding would laugh at him so long as he does not insist upon any one performing any act of homage to his honor. But when he sets his beaver upon a pole in the centre of the market-place, and orders imprisonment or exile for every subject who will not fall down and worship it, that man does a brave and a wise act who sets the world laughing at the tyrant and his preposterous arrogance. The personages who sang comic songs and danced the clog-dance during the performance of divine service at St. George's-in-the-East were vulgar and culpable boors. Whatever they might have thought of the service, they were not compelled to attend it, and in our days theological differences are not decided by mobs and hobnailed shoes. But if the incumbent of the church had the power to bring down penal disqualification, or exile, or worldly ruin upon the heads of all who declined to acknowledge his ceremonials as their worship, the first man who raised a bold laugh at the whole performance might be very justly regarded as a hero. Something, at least, of this qualified character is to be said in palliation of the irreverence of Voltaire. Much which was stigmatized as blasphemy a century ago most people regard as plain truth now. Much even of the most objectionable of Voltaire's writings may be excused by the circumstances of the time, by the feelings with which he wrote, by the distorted and hideous form in which Christianity was presented in the dogmas of

so many of its professional exponents. Much, indeed, may be admitted to be wholly inexcusable—for did he not produce the "Pucelle"? But no one claims for Voltaire an immunity from some severe censure. All that is sought for him is a more general and generous recognition of the praise he merited and the motives which impelled him, a mitigation of the sentence which so many have pronounced upon him. No other man from his own birth downwards, not even excepting Rousseau, has borne such extravagance of praise followed by such a load of obloquy. He was not a profound thinker; he was not a hero; he was not a martyr for truth; he was not a blameless man. But he had at least half-glimpses of many truths not of his own time, and which the world has recognized and acknowledged since. He has probably as much of the heroic in him as a man constitutionally nervous and timid could well be expected to have. No one would ever have relished less the endurance of the martyr's sufferings in his own person, but he made odious and despicable those who had caused or connived at their infliction upon others, and he did something to render any future martyrdoms impossible. For his time and his temptations his personal offences were not very many or very great. If people would but cease to think of him as a great philosopher either of free thought or of infidelity, and would merely regard him as a great political and social satirist, they would recognize in his satirical works not only the memorials of a genius unrivalled in its own path, but the evidences of a generous nature, an enlightened perception, and an earnest desire for the happiness and the progress of human beings.

In the middle of last year the railways in operation in the United Kingdom had 127,450 persons in their employment, and the railways in course of construction employed 53,923 more, making in all 181,373. On the railroads in operation there were 3,601 stations. There were 1,051 miles of railroad in course of construction, and upon them were employed 7,381 artificers and 42,126 "laborers;" but the word "navy" does not seem to be admissible in these returns made to the Board of Trade.

HERE BE TRUTHS.—M. Guillaumin, in the French Chamber, intending to be severe upon England, said England makes her *propaganda* with the Bible in one hand and a piece of calico in the other, but France bears her banner in one hand and the Cross in the other. Proper gender yourself, M. Guillaumin, for you have just hit it. England proffers enlightenment and the comforts of life. France comes with superstition and "glory." It strikes us that such orators should be choked off by their priests.—*Punch*.

From The Cornhill Magazine.  
HORACE SALTOUN.

PART III.—*VE VICTIS.*

SOME little time after our last interview, Horace paid me a visit. I imagined from his manner there was something on his mind of which he desired to unburden himself; it soon came out.

"Paul, what should you say if you heard I entertained the wish to marry?"

"Say, Horace?" I replied, slowly; "I hardly know what I should say."

He began to talk with a little nervousness and rapidity. "I have been steady and in good health now for some years; I feel better than I ever did in my life."

"I'm glad of it, Horace: you look like it. Have you ever had any return of that morbid craving?"

"I won't say I have had no sensations of the sort, Paul; but never with the same irresistible strength: never so strongly that I could not only resist it, but I felt I could do so; consequently, I nerved myself for the struggle, without that wretched despondency which used to overpower me."

"Well, Horace, I am far from saying you ought not to marry, for every man has a chance of becoming a better and happier one when he has a good wife; but much depends upon what sort of a woman she may be. What is she like?"

"She is like—" here he stopped, and took a long suck at his cigar. "Well, Paul, she is like a Juno without her severity. She gives me a sensation of rest only to stand near her. I'm a big fellow, but I don't look it beside her. She's a large, calm, gentle woman: there, Paul, don't laugh at the description. This is all a man could wish for to be his comfort and his better angel; to rule his home, and to be the mother of his children!"

"In love, Horace?" I said, jestingly.

"Well, I suppose I am; at least this looks like it," and he looked rather silly as he bared his arm, and displayed tattooed thereon in slender blue lines, the initials M. O., with an anchor and a cross, done in sailor fashion with gunpowder. "I ought to tell you her name, 'Margaret Oliver.'" He said it several times over, as if it sounded pleasantly to him.

"How old is she?"

"Thirty, or thereabouts: a year or two

more than I have; but I'm not sorry for that. She has no one but herself to please: her father and mother are both dead. She lives at ——" (naming a place a few miles from town), "and an old lady, a sort of companion, resides with her."

I was silent.

"You don't think me wrong to marry, Paul? I tell you if any thing would keep me strong and happy, marrying such a woman as that would do it. Don't say it would be wrong, old fellow," he continued, in an agitated manner: "say any thing but that. In truth," he continued, sadly, "I don't think that I ought to be condemned to live forever hopeless and alone. I tell you I feel so lonely sometimes, I often think I shall cut my throat."

"Would you be insured against cutting your throat by marrying Miss Oliver?"

"I think there would be so much then to make life dear; at present why should I live to cumber the ground, and occupy the place of a better man on the earth? My parents had done well if they had smothered me as soon as I was born: if I am so cursed, better that I had never lived to see the light of day!"

"And in the face of that would you run the chance of becoming a father to a generation who might be as miserable as yourself?"

"I know what you are driving at, Paul, and I've thought of all that; but in the first place, both my father and mother were temperate people, and in the second, science and experience support us in the idea that the mother has in general more influence than the father on the cerebral development of her child. Margaret has such a perfect organization, such a calm, fine temper, it would be impossible to conceive of her failing to influence all near her."

I reflected. I didn't like to advise, and told him so.

"Why, Paul, it's enough to make a man go mad of himself, or take brandy indefinitely, to be isolated as I am: I could shed tears sometimes when those rough scampish fellows show the personal affection to me which they often do."

I still did not speak, but sat silent and pre-occupied.

"Well," he said, with an outburst of strong emotion, "then here goes my last



chance of happiness. I'll have a grand funeral, and bear away and bury, with what pomp I may, the dead body of this dear hope, and set it round with faded good intentions and the ghost of a possible joy; for, being now dead and useless, it will be as odious in my nostrils as a corpse left to decay."

His features worked painfully, and he turned himself back in his chair. I could not bear this; I thought there was reason in what he urged.

"Not so fast, Horace; don't put opinions into my mouth. As to marriage, do that which you think right; but I think Miss Oliver ought not to be in ignorance of the circumstances of your history."

He looked distressed, but faced me at once.

"I think so too, Paul: as an honorable man I am bound not to conceal that from her. It may—probably will—cost me all I dared to hope for; but better lose her than win her by fraud. You are quite right; it must be done. But I have a boon to ask of your friendship—a friendship now of many years' standing; and for the sake of the youth and manhood which we have passed together, you will not refuse me: it is, that you will yourself tell it to Margaret."

"My dear Horace," I said, "consider: I am unacquainted with her; and she will reasonably think that a revelation of such matters should come from your own lips. It would be most officious, or appear so, in me."

"No, it would not, Paul. You can't think how I shrink from it. Besides, I wish her decision to be uninfluenced by compassion or kind feeling, and would have it the result of her judgment, apart from my presence."

I need not recount his persuasions and arguments; it will suffice to say that he prevailed: that I consented that he should send a letter to Margaret Oliver, which should procure me a private interview, and contain such partial explanation as might break the ground for me.

Two days afterwards I rode down and presented myself at Miss Oliver's residence, to perform my disagreeable mission. The room into which I was shown opened into a conservatory filled with rare exotics; a variety of trifles were about, indicating femi-

nine occupation, and that harmony and good taste prevailed which characterize the presence of habitual refinement. The mellowed, softened tone, the fading light, and the delicious odor of the flowers, combined, threw me into a reverie; from this I roused myself by an effort when the servant entered to say that Miss Oliver would be with me in a few minutes, and begged that I would, meanwhile, walk into the conservatory.

When she appeared, I thought I had seldom seen a grander specimen of womanhood, both morally and physically. When Horace compared her to the Olympian queen divested of her severity, he did not describe her ill. She had large, calm, limpid eyes, with a singularly candid and tender expression, ample but finely formed limbs, somewhat heavily moulded lips and chin, and a quantity of dark hair folded about the head; and though, from the admirable proportions of the latter, the size did not appear inordinate, it was yet an unusually large brain for a woman. Her complexion was the marble, opaque tint which distinguished the old Roman women; and her walk, as she swept forward to me, I thought like herself, calm and undulating. When she spoke it was in a rich, low voice; and her smile was so full of benignity and goodness that I at once realized the truth of the sensation which Horace described her as inspiring; that of *rest*. A slight degree of embarrassment at meeting was perhaps inevitable, and it existed; but I am sincere enough to own that it was on my side alone.

After a little preliminary conversation, she told me at once that she knew I had come with a communication from Mr. Saltoun. I therefore entered on what I had to say, rather awkwardly and hurriedly, I fear; but I gathered calmness as I proceeded: it was perchance reflected from hers. I gave his history, as far as I knew it,—the antecedents of his father, the illness of his sister, his engagement to Cecile Otway. I did not look up, but I *felt* that she moved slightly here; then she bowed her head, and I continued. I praised, as indeed I justly could, his nature and disposition. I mentioned his professional fame. Then I gave the whole sad history, as delicately, truthfully, and tenderly as I could; omitting nothing, according to his directions. I glanced at her once; she was listening with averted head,

and her hand shaded her eyes. I could hear a tremulous, heavy breath drawn now and then, but she made no other movement: feeling, and, I doubt not, suffering, but calm and stirlless. I dwelt on his blameless life, his complete solitude, his lonely home, his genuine humility and distrust of himself, and, above all, on the noble truthfulness and confidence in her which he displayed by insisting on her being acquainted with these mortifying and humiliating occurrences in his life.

When I had finished, there was a pause. Miss Oliver remained for more than a minute so still she hardly seemed to breathe. Then she turned her face and person full towards me, as though to present herself unarmed to the foe,—her face tear-stained, though her eyes looked truthful and luminous as ever,—and she said solemnly, yet a little tremulously, "You are Horace Saltoun's friend, and you will, of all men, know that I do right. I will marry Horace; and if a wife's true heart can shield him from the horrors that have beset him, mine shall do so, and then I shall not have lived in vain. But if that may not be, I will still share his fate; preferring rather, if God will, to run some risk in sustaining a great and noble nature, than to marry some man who less needs comfort and succor."

What words of mine could shake a resolution so full of womanly feeling and generosity? I had neither the heart nor the wish to alter it. In fact, I could not speak, but wrung her hand, and left her.

I may hurry over this part of my history. Miss Oliver had, as Horace said, no one to please but herself; she had an ample fortune, and his income was very sufficient, so they were at once affianced, and were to be married at the close of one month. I saw them frequently during this interval, and was at each interview more and more convinced that she was of all women the one best suited to Horace.

But if he had done ill to marry at all? Alas, who can tell! Her cheerfulness was so serene, so pervading her whole being, that she seemed the visible expression of that fine sentiment of Herder. "The greatest treasure which God hath given his creatures is, and ever will be, genuine existence."

Now Horace, notwithstanding his power-

ful and energetic nature, had occasionally a certain melancholy on him; similar, I think, to that which Kant describes in a commentary on an observation of Saussure: "A species of sadness," he says, "belonging to the bracing emotions, and which bears the same relation to a relaxing sadness as the sublime does to the beautiful."

There was, I do not deny, a proportion of phlegm in Margaret's temperament, against which irritable and excitable spirits broke and fretted themselves in vain, and then, spent and exhausted, they returned to rest themselves on her, as though they thereby imbibed a part of that calm which seemed to know no disturbance. I have heard it said by small, acrid women, that her figure was clumsy and her movements slow; but the outward form corresponded to the inner nature: it knew no littleness, no scorn, no bitterness. She was born to become a man's stay. Such a woman would hardly have fulfilled nature's purpose if she had not been so placed as to impart some of her own equable happiness to one less fortunately constituted; and on such a tender and loving breast any man would be glad to rest a weary head and wounded spirit. Her characteristic was not intellect,—many men and women surpassed her in that; but in her moral strength, in the power of gentleness, in her exquisite tenderness, there were few who did not experience when near her a sensation of being cared for, and sympathized with, lulled, soothed, and borne away as though by the current of a mighty yet noiseless river.

They were married, and for several years enjoyed more happiness than usually falls to the lot of mortals. Between the terms of his lectures they resided at a small property of hers on the northern coast of Wales. Under her genial influence his intellect seemed to expand with fresh vigor, while her unswerving kindness and goodness of heart, added to her wonderful serenity, lent to his impulsive and unequal temper all that it most specially required.

Mrs. Saltoun became the mother of one little girl. The child lived, while the mother all but died. Fever supervened, and for nearly six weeks Horace hardly took off his clothes or left the bedside of his wife. The case was one of that exhausting nature which demands refreshments or stimulants every

hour, or still more frequently, in order to retain the rapidly sinking vitality, and this service Horace insisted on performing unassisted. Now I need not say that to do this for such a length of time is a most frightful strain on both mind and body: it is similar in its nature to the often-attempted feat of walking one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours—a task in which not a few have broken down.

She recovered, but he did not escape so easily; though it was not until her convalescence that it told on him. I was myself ill at this period, and it was not until I was showing appearances of improvement that I was allowed to talk. The young surgeon before mentioned was in attendance on me, and one of my first questions was as to the Saltouns.

"Just what I was wanting to speak to you about," was the reply. "You have been wanted up there, and may go now, as soon as you like."

"What has gone wrong? Why did you not tell me before?"

"Which question am I to reply to first? Every thing has gone wrong; and you were to be kept undisturbed. When I am in possession of a patient, I take charge of mind as well as body."

"Give me some insight into the matter, for I shall start to-morrow."

"Saltoun has been drinking, or drugging, or something, and has had a touch of the horrors again: his wife bears it like an angel, they say. There now, I'll pack your carpet-bag."

I started, of course, immediately, and reached my destination the following day.

The house was an old, rambling building of gray stone; it was only two stories high, and was covered with creepers, moss, lichen, etc. One side faced the sea: it stood, in fact, at the end of a ravine which widened on to the shore; to the right and left the cliffs were very precipitous and rocky: altogether the scenery was wild and grand, and the situation one of great natural beauty.

I could hardly tell whether Saltoun was glad to see me or not. I know I thought him frightfully shaken, and irritable to the last degree. His memory, too, was much affected: he often forgot what he wanted to do, or the name of an article he required; and whether any one noticed it and tried to

supply the omission, or whether it were passed over, he was equally impatient and angry. He evinced a pointed disinclination to enter on the subject of his illness with me, alleging that it was one most hateful to him. But I ascertained from other sources, that though he had constantly administered wine, brandy, etc., to his wife, he had never either tasted them, or appeared to wish to do so. Almost as soon as his wife was able to leave her room safely, however, he went out to take exercise, as he said; he came in wet, tired, and haggard, and went straight to his own room, where he drank himself into a state of stupor.

I had not been with him more than three days when he expressed his determination to go to town and recommence his lectures. His wife endeavored by instant acquiescence to let this intention die a natural death, and received the announcement with apparent equanimity; but when, in spite of this, he persisted, she became much disturbed, and expressed to me her distress. When soothing and argument had no effect, she tried, poor thing, to draw his attention to her delicate health, and begged him not to leave her. It was in vain. As for me, I heard it with consternation; but all I could say was useless; so we reluctantly abandoned the idea of preventing him, and prepared reluctantly to face the trial, which I could not conceal from myself would be a very serious one.

Margaret Saltoun was as yet but little altered in appearance, though her eyes had an air of languor about them, and I thought I could trace a few silver threads among the masses of dark hair. With her usual sweet temper she commenced making her little preparations to accompany him. At first he forbade this, but she laid her hand on his shoulder, and, bending over him, kissed his forehead: "Where you go, I go, Horace."

As she raised her head, I saw her eyes were brimful of unshed tears. No more was said, and we travelled together to town—not a very gleeful trio. . . .

I went with him to his class-room, and Horace Saltoun once more, amid the plaudits of the students, made his way up to his accustomed standing-place; but not with the confident, vigorous step of old. There was, however, no very visible want of nerve about his manner as he faced us. It was with a

strange and painful sort of feeling I heard him announce that the subject on which he proposed that day to lecture was "*The Brain*."

He proceeded, after a few brief remarks, to describe the anatomy of the cerebrum. I could detect no omission as he proceeded rapidly to dispose of one of the hemispheres, illustrating the different divisions by diagrams, which he drew as he went on; most exquisite specimens of anatomical drawing they were. Then he faltered a little, and his eye seemed to lose its intensity of gaze; by a violent effort he recovered himself, and went on:—

"Gentlemen, I need not recount to you the old superstitions. People have supposed that the principle of life, or the secret centre of intelligence, resided in this," laying his finger on one minute gland. "False, all these theories. Is the mind that which we can crush between our fingers, or resolve into phosphates or carbonates? No, this is not mind; this is not life. A child can live for a time without a brain, and a madman or an imbecile can drag on existence with a brain complete in all its parts." He said this with singular emphasis.

This was so unlike his usual style of lecture, curt, witty, and practical, that several men regarded each other inquiringly. He paused, essayed to begin, but stopped again, and I saw his memory failed him. He passed his hand over his forehead, with an inexpressibly troubled look; then he went on again, but this time with the anatomy of the heart; even in this he evidently forgot many of the terms, and several times left a sentence unfinished. He drew another diagram with entire success, then came another embarrassed pause. A most uncomfortable sensation stole over every one present. He referred to his diagram, and seemed to remember that he had left the brain unfinished; then—giving me one glance of such agony as I can never forget—he recommenced; but the treacherous memory again failed: he attempted to explain one part, and utterly lost the thread of the argument, and not only the name but the very idea. He drew himself up to his full height, looked at us steadily for a moment, and bursting into tears, hurriedly left the room. In all London there was perhaps no greater misery

than that proud and sensitive heart endured that night.

Horace never entered this lecture-room again. For upwards of a year he travelled with his wife on the Continent; and I was told the mineral waters at some of the spas in Germany had done wonders for his shattered health. When they returned to this country they retired to the property I have before alluded to in Wales, and lived there in comparative seclusion. I saw him very seldom, and only for short periods, and then he seemed enjoying very fair health, though not the man he was when I first knew him; but I was informed that he still continued occasionally to make sad outbreaks; not by any means frequently, but that when he did get intoxicated it was to a terrible excess.

One bright, undimmed star still shone in their heaven amid these driving clouds and storms, and that was their mutual and passionate love. In this fact friends and foes agreed alike; so that I still hardly repented that I had not urged him to abjure marriage. . . .

One day a letter was placed in my hand, containing these words in Mrs. Saltoun's handwriting, "Come to me instantly."

In those days the network of railways did not exist as at present, and though I travelled all night it was morning before I drove up to the house. Margaret met me in the doorway, strangely saddened, and very pale. Her habitual calm was not the dogged submission of a fatalist, but the humble, softened confidence of one who believed that Heaven watched over all. She was by no means one of those women whom the smallest anxiety reduces to a skeleton, and therefore, though the pallor habitual to her had become more than ever marble in its hue, the blue veins more easily traced, and the large, full, lustrous eyes languid and heavy, yet, worn and tried as she looked, Margaret Saltoun was now, as ever, a most noble specimen of perfect womanhood; fined down, perhaps, through much suffering: but it has been finely remarked, "We predicate more nobly of the worn appearance of St. Paul than of the fair and ruddy countenance of David."

But few words were uttered: the consciousness of misfortune was on us both. As

I wrung her hand, my eye rested almost unconsciously, perhaps, on her black dress. She responded to the silent thought.

"God has taken my little one to himself: it is better, perhaps, so"—here her voice trembled exceedingly, and there followed a silence, which I, at least, had no words to break. At last she resumed, in her rich, pleading voice, "You know the worst, doctor, when you know that at this moment we are ignorant where Horace may be; or, indeed, whether he is alive or dead. Something in these letters has grieved him up to that point when he could no longer control himself. He has often told me—and it is even now my pride and joy to know—that no earthly sorrow touched him which he did not confide to me. You will read these letters" (she placed them in my hand); "you will judge how little he is to blame for what they record; and you will see in all this another proof that nothing has power to overthrow his strength of mind except anxiety of the heart, or grief and unkindness from those he loves."

I hurriedly mastered their contents. His sister was dead! In one were the certificated reports of the foreign authorities. Miss Saltoun had, in a fit of somnambulism, precipitated herself from a window, died, and was buried; that was the substance of the intelligence. Alas! somnambulism or delirium—who could tell? The other was a letter stamped with about fifty postmarks. It had apparently, through some ignorance in the writer of the proper address, made the tour of Europe. It was dated five weeks prior to the unhappy event: in it Mdle. Justine sent in her resignation; "finding," she said, "that her young lady no longer required her services."

"When did Horace leave the house?" I inquired.

"He received this letter the day before yesterday, and appeared stunned rather than agitated by the news; then he swallowed a quantity of wine, and I fear spirits likewise, and lay down on his bed, feverish and restless. I lay by his side, and as he seemed to become more tranquil, I slept. When I awoke he was no longer by me. We sent messengers in all directions, and traced him down to the shore. Early this morning I myself found his clothes; they were thrown

off in disorder, and soaked in dew, as if they had been there many hours."

She was deadly pale as she said this, and the tears rained down her face: there was no trembling, no loud cry, but a grief pure and noble, and yet chastened and resigned.

"Dear Mrs. Saltoun," I said, "I would not for worlds deceive you, but my impression is that Horace is not lost to us: first remember that he was a bold, and steady, and powerful swimmer; secondly, if, as I imagine, a brief delirium has seized him, strong physical exertion may prove most useful to him. It would be about four o'clock yesterday afternoon that he left you: no very great time has elapsed."

That day the country round was again scoured by men and horses, and the sea-shore carefully searched. I superintended the latter in person. The coast was very wild and picturesque at this point, forming a vast amphitheatre of crags and precipices, intersected in one place by a deep gully, and again further up by a torn and rent ravine, partially clothed with verdure in the cleft; a few pine-trees and dwarfed oaks sprang out of the fissures in the rocks, whose bent and twisted branches testified to many a long year of exposure to the drifting spray, and of struggle with the wind and tempest. Several subterranean passages ran deep into the cliff, terminating in some fine caverns, formerly the resort of smugglers on this coast. No trace of the fugitive could I discover; but, knowing well the passionate attachment of Horace for the sea, I suspected strongly that he was concealed in some of these caves, and would probably prowl out as soon as he thought darkness would secure him from pursuit.

The bay was rather a large one, running deep inland, and the coast to the left extended so far out as to appear almost opposite. A broad tongue of black purple lay on the water's edge, and above it towered the snow-capped mountain of —, at that instant warmed into rose color by the rays of the setting sun. As if to mimic this there ran out from the shore in a slanting direction, for above half a mile, a chain of rough rocks, which, being partially under water at high tide, were mostly covered with black sea-weed. From the extreme point it was a quarter of a mile in a straight



line to the main land, and between it and this natural break-water the sea was in general as placid as a lake, but of very considerable depth. When I had fully mastered the chief points hereabouts, I returned to the house to give Margaret such scanty hope as was in my power. I insisted on her swallowing a sedative, and advised her to go to bed at once, and sleep if possible.

About eleven at night, I again took the path to the shore, and loitered about for upwards of an hour without seeing or hearing any thing that I sought for; I then took up my position in the mouth of one of the caves, which commanded a full view of the bay. For half an hour or more I continued my vigil without any result. I strolled out and perceived evident signs of a change of weather, but feeling reluctant to return to that unhappy lady without tidings of her husband, I again went under shelter.

Gradually the stillness grew ominously hushed, and for a quarter of an hour nothing was heard but the moan of the sullen wave as it broke on the sands. Another instant and the winds were loosed with irresistible fury; down came the storm-king from his throne, down drove the white mist, down drove the torrent, and the gray sea was a sheet of foam. The pine-trees ahead looked like isolated fragments of darkness, and the gnarled oaks creaked and strained to hold their own. The war of the elements continued with fury for upwards of an hour. I fancied I heard a voice, or voices, and indeed felt so persuaded of it that I ventured forth once; but the rain blinded me: the air was thick with spray, and the roar of the sea, which was perfectly invisible to me, made all else inaudible, so I was glad to return.

Almost as abruptly as the storm began, it ceased; leaving, however, a dense white fog, which moved capriciously, sometimes allowing the breakers to be visible, and the next minute gathering over the sea and clearing away to the cliffs. At length, it hovered in a heavy mass over earth and water, while the sky was no longer hidden, and I could see the moon attempting to emerge from a coil of rain-laden clouds. Suddenly as I stood straining my eyes into darkness, the mist, by some underecurrent of air I imagine, was raised as though by mechanism, and for a brief minute I saw the

ocean, the bay, and the jutting-out reef of rocks. But I saw more than this: my eyes beheld distinctly at the extremity of the reef, touched as it was by the moonlight, a human figure pacing rapidly to and fro. Then by a vexatious caprice the current of air changed, the mist fell like a white pall, and I saw no more: but that was enough. Scrambling out, I made my way as rapidly as possible along the rough shingle, to gain if I could the command of the point in question.

The rocks were of great size, curiously massed together in grotesque position and outline, and being very slippery and full of deep fissures containing water, it was no easy work to make satisfactory progress along them in that uncertain light; so that when I had accomplished a quarter of a mile I was bathed in perspiration, and almost disposed to think that my eyes had deceived me, and that I was on a fruitless and foolhardy errand. Still I continued onward, and the chain grew more narrow; but though the sea was calm, I could hear nothing but the gurgle of its deep inky waters against the base. The fog cleared in a circle round me as I proceeded, the moon shone forth from a lake of deep blue sky surrounded by an almost transparent halo of fleecy silver clouds, while now and then the cliffs to my right, whitened by her beams, stood out in strong relief, and the sands lay beneath in a deep shadow of unbroken gloom.

I could now discern clearly a figure: it was, then, no spectre of my fancy; and I felt equally convinced that it was Horace, and none other: for who but a man distraught would be in such a place at such an hour? I resolved to proceed very cautiously, since the fog behind me was so whitened as almost to point me out; and if I could see him so plainly, there was no reason why he should not perceive me. I approached near enough to hear some one shouting, muttering, and laughing. Whenever the figure faced in my direction, I crouched behind the large rocks which were nearest to me, then made another spring, and again concealed myself. At last I stood within half a dozen yards.

I had not deceived myself; it was indeed Horace Saltoun. He was entirely naked, with the exception of a chaplet of black seaweed on his head, and a twisted rope made

out of the root part of the same material, coiled round his neck, waist, and loins, and terminating in a fantastic knot which fell to his knee, his feet were cut and stained, and a thin streak of blood was visible from a cut on his forehead, from which it trickled slowly down his face. He was shouting, blaspheming, and gesticulating, and tearing the seaweed violently from the rocks, and hurling it by great handfuls into the sea.

I stood hidden from his sight for a few moments, to regain my breath and consider what was my best course of action. To return for assistance would obviously be to lose the result of my labor; yet it was hardly probable that in his present excited state he would consent to accompany me of his own will. I was not near enough to spring upon him, and even if I could, holding a naked man by force is slippery work, and I did not feel disposed to place confidence in the strength of the sea-weed rope; there only remained a hand-to-hand struggle, the most likely termination of which seemed to be that we should both roll off into the sea. In this dilemma I resolved to try the effect of suddenly announcing my presence. His present condition was not a surprise to me: I had long expected that his increasing excesses in stimulants would bring on a maniacal attack; and I was aware that in that condition every thing may be hoped for, as far as management goes, by taking advantage of a timely diversion of attention. So I walked boldly forward, and said as calmly as I could, "It is very cold work out here, Horace."

He staggered back as if I had struck him, and then confronted me, shading his eyes with both his hands.

"What, you've come, have you?" he said, slowly.

"Yes," I replied, "and I want to help you in what you are about," and I made a few steps forwards.

"Then stand back," he yelled out, at the very top of his voice. "Stand back, or I'll twist your neck as soon as I get hold of you."

"Horace," I called out, in slow, distinct tones, "come home; your wife is ill,—very ill, and wants you."

"My wife ill?" he repeated after me: "Margaret ill?" and he bent forward, and peered curiously at me.

I kept my eye fixed on his, endeavoring to rivet his attention, and advanced close to him. He stood perfectly still. I touched him; he continued motionless, and a hard sinister smile stole over his face: my hand even glided up his arm; but as soon as it reached his shoulder, he burst into a loud, shrill, derisive laugh, made one bound backwards off the reef, and the sea closed silently over him. I leaned over the edge, keeping my eye on the spot where he disappeared; he rose to sight again nearly in the same place: and never, as long as I live, can I forget that singular scene. The white mist formed a clear ring of which we were the centre, the moon shone pale and cold on the murky waters, while each ripple made by the plunge bore a silver sparkle on its tiny crest. In the midst of these circling eddies, gleaming ghastly in the moonlight, the dripping hair swathed back from the forehead, floated this white human face with a strangely malign expression in the eyes. Even now I feel cold when I think of that moment: my blood curdled round my heart as I watched him. He smiled,—or seemed to smile, and then, rounding the point, disappeared; striking off, as far as I could judge, in a slanting direction, towards the shore rather than otherwise.

A good deal cast down by my ill-success, I began to retrace my steps. I had tried the boasted power of the human eye, and it had signally failed me. Perhaps it might be in some measure due to my long familiarity on equal terms with Horace; for, in cases of this description, former personal intimacy often militates against a physician's influence. Before I fairly quitted these unlucky rocks my foot slipped, and I managed to sprain my ankle severely; not enough to bring me to a standstill, but sufficiently so to impede materially the rapidity of my progress. Leaving myself in this untoward condition, I will relate what occurred meanwhile at the house.

Margaret had, according to my recommendation, swallowed the sedative, undressed, and retired to bed; where, overcome by fatigue and wretchedness, she sank into a heavy sleep. The bedroom in question, the one usually occupied by herself and her husband, was on the ground-floor, at the extremity of the right wing, and looked

out on a small plot of grass and a thickly tangled shrubbery.

About five o'clock that morning, when dawn was breaking, she awoke with the feeling of something cold being pressed tightly on her throat. She opened her eyes, starting up mechanically from her pillow, and saw what might well have tried the nerves of the strongest man. There was poor Horace sitting calmly by her bedside, perfectly naked, his seaweed chaplet still on his head, and his arms folded on his breast, making conspicuously visible her own initials and the cross and anchor in pale blue, which he had so carefully punctured on himself in the days that were passed away. But in his hands he held the two ends of the coil of black sea-weed stalk, which he had twisted tightly round her neck; and it was the pressure of this deadly ligature upon her throat that roused her from sleep. Owing to her instinctive self-possession, and her wonderfully calm nature, aided, perhaps, in some measure by the effects of the opiate, she neither started nor screamed when she discovered her peril, but at once addressed him cheerfully, and tried to link one of his hands in hers; yet he still retained his hold on the coil, so that she knew she was helpless. She told me afterwards, how difficult it was for her to withstand the inclination to put her fingers to her neck and endeavor to rid herself of the ghastly necklace. But she did refrain.

"Yes, it is I, Margaret, love," he answered, dreamily. "I have come to enable you to die. It is necessary," he continued, with frightful calmness, "that you should be strangled. I've been a long time preparing this rope, and it is now thoroughly charmed."

She shivered a little.

"It is cold—is it not?" he said; "but that will not signify in the end. It seems almost a pity—does it not?" and he touched her full and finely moulded throat doubtfully with his fingers. "Don't be afraid, love," he added, almost tenderly, and proceeded to tighten the coil.

She made a desperate effort. "You know, Horace, I can have no objection, but I must have my hair properly dressed; you must dress it for me. You used to think my hair beautiful, you know."

He seemed puzzled for a moment. "Is it absolutely needful?" he inquired, sternly.

"I am sure it is," she replied, with a vague idea that it would be better to assign some reason, however absurd; "the corpse would otherwise look unseemly."

"Very well," he answered, gravely. He then assisted her out of bed, still keeping the detestable coil in his fingers.

She placed herself before the glass, biting her lips to bring back the color which had fled, and trying to smile; then letting down her long hair, she handed him the brushes. He took them, and began his task with the greatest gentleness, and to her inexpressible relief, she felt the coil relax as the two ends fell down on the floor; though, of course, it was still round her throat. Those moments seemed hours, and her agitation and suspense were fast growing intolerable. Meanwhile, poor lady, she praised his dexterity, which seemed to please him excessively, and stimulated him to new endeavors. He began to perform the most extravagant manœuvres, brushing her hair quite up, and letting it fall in a mass over her shoulders, then twisting it round his own neck, and laying it over his face: all this with immovable gravity.

It was precisely at this juncture that I arrived from the shore. Under the idea that the shortest path was by the shrubbery, I pushed my way through the tangled branches, and, standing on the lawn, I reconnoitred the house. I was naturally surprised to see Mrs. Saltoun visible at that hour from the bedroom window: it was low enough for me to have a view of part of the interior of the room; and I saw that she was sitting before her mirror, her face turned towards the window. She was excessively pale, and had a strange forced smile. Though she caught my eye, she neither moved nor made the slightest sign of recognition, but continued to gaze with such a stern, stolid, fixed expression, that I was moved with a nameless dread. I stepped back and looked again; yes, so it was! I saw plainly her mad husband standing behind her: I could see his head still crowned, and his naked shoulders. Though I was not aware of the critical nature of her peril, I knew there was danger, so, crouching down out of sight, I made my way instantly

into the house. I encountered his own servant, a man much attached to his master; he inquired eagerly if I had tidings of him.

"Take off your shoes," I said, instantly, "and follow me; your master is in the house."

I paused outside the bedroom door and listened. I could hear nothing excepting the rustling of the brushes in the hair, and an odd low chuckling laugh. I then tried the handle of the door as noiselessly as possible: good; it was not bolted or locked inside, as I had feared to find. I instantly threw it wide open. Horace faced me, and with a terrible yell sprang upon me like a wild beast. Poor fellow! assistance was at hand, and he was quickly overpowered. When I turned to seek Margaret she had fainted.

That house still remains tenanted, but half of it is closed; and the brilliant lecturer, Horace Saltoun, is heard of no more. In one range of apartments you may see a fantastically attired, restless being, talking perpetually and incoherently. His smile is unmeaning, his restlessness incessant, his actions are aimless. In close attendance on him is his servant; but ever haunting his steps, clad in the plainest garb, performing

almost menial offices for that poor, broken-down wreck who is still her husband, his noble-minded wife continues her cheerless task: and no one has the same influence over him which she possesses. Her cheeks are a little hollow and worn, there is a look of pain on her brow, and there are dark violet rings beneath eyes that are still pure and lustrous; but the same serene benevolence, the same tender, genial smile is ever there. She listens to all his long dissertations without point or sequence, in which scraps of anatomy are curiously mingled with exordiums on the necessity of her duty, and obedience, and gratitude to him: for he who used to be the most humble-minded and unselfish of men is changed as much morally as intellectually; and his arrogant and patronizing manner towards her would be laughable if it were not so very, very sad. Time to that blinded eye seems to stay his scythe. Poor Horace lives only in the present: he can neither remember the past, nor apprehend for the future. Sometimes he will make a brilliant metaphor, or begin to quote a fragment of some fine passage, but invariably relapses into rapid nonsense before he can finish it; the lightning flash only serves to reveal still more the blackness of the ruin.

#### BEGGARS IN LONDON A CENTURY AGO.—

"But notwithstanding we have so many excellent laws, great numbers of sturdy beggars, loose and vagrant persons, infest the nation, but no place more than the city of London and parts adjacent: if any person is born with any defect or deformity, or maimed by fire or any other casualty, or by any inveterate distemper, which renders them miserable objects, their way is open to London, where they have free liberty of showing their nauseous sights to terrify people and force them to give money to get rid of them; and those vagrants have for many years past removed out of several parts of the three kingdoms, and taken their stations in this metropolis, to the interruption of conversation and business. . . . As to those creatures who go about the streets to show their maimed limbs, nauseous sores, stump hands or feet, or any other deformity, I am of opinion, that they are by no means fit objects to go abroad; and considering the

frights and pernicious impressions which such horrid sights have given to pregnant women (and sometimes even to the disfiguring of infants in the womb) should move all tender husbands to desire the redress of this enormity," etc.—*Propositions for Better Regulating and Employing the Poor*, chap. xxiii. 36, in *The Trade and Navigation of Great Britain Considered*, by Joshua Gee, 6th edit., Glasgow, printed and sold by R. and A. Foulis, 1760, 16mo. pp. 180.—*Notes and Queries*.

IN 1859 the quantity of hops retained for home consumption was 67,143,652lbs.; in 1860, only 10,352,520lbs.—not a sixth of the previous year's crop. The quantity of malt also fell off from 47,746,289 bushels in 1859, to 41,754,050 bushels in 1860. British spirits from 23,878,688 gallons in 1859 to 21,404,088 in 1860. The quantity of paper increased from 197,684,847lbs. in 1859 to 207,182,013lbs. in 1860.

From Once a Week.

SIR JOSHUA'S PUPIL.

A YOUNG apprentice with very little heart in the study of his craft, after the manner of young apprentices, toiling in a watch and clock maker's shop in the town of Devonport, heard one day the fame of great Sir Joshua's achievements in London sounding through the county—became conscious that the good folks of the shire took pride in the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, Master of Plympton Grammar School. Why should not he, the apprentice, become as great, or nearly so, a credit to Devonport, his birthplace, as was Sir Joshua to Plympton, *his* birthplace? Could one man only have art, abilities, and ambitions, and make for himself the opportunity to employ and gratify them? So the apprentice asked himself. And he must have been a clever fellow, that apprentice! He soon convinced himself—that was easy; but he convinced his family. He convinced several of his townsmen—difficult task, decidedly—that the best thing they could do with him was to send him up to town to study under his countryman, Sir Joshua, and to become, like him, a great painter. He had his way at last. In his twenty-fifth year he was painting in the studio of Reynolds, living under his roof.

After all, his dearest wishes gratified, perhaps the pupil was little better off. If cleverness, like fever, were contagious, it had been all very well. But the master was but an indifferent master. He could not, or would not, instruct. He was himself deficient in education—had few rules—only a marvellous love and perception of the beautiful, and an instinctive talent for its reproduction on his canvas. It was as certain as it was innate, but not to be expressed in words, or communicated or reasoned upon in any way. The deeds of genius are things done, as of course, for no why or wherefore, but simply because there is no help for it but to do them. So the pupils painted in the studio of their supposed preceptor for a certain number of years, copying his works; or, when sufficiently advanced, perhaps working at his back-grounds, brushing away at draperies, or such conventional fillings in of pictures, and then went their ways to do what they listed, and for the most part to be heard of no more in art chronicles. They had probably been of more use to the painter

than he had been to them. Certainly our friend the clockmaker's apprentice was. For when there arose a cry of "Who wrote Sir Joshua's discourses, if not Burke?" this pupil could give satisfactory evidence in reply. He had heard the great man, his master, walking up and down in the library, as in the intervals of writing, at one and two o'clock in the morning. A few hours later, and he had the results in his hands. He was employed to make a fair copy of the lecturer's rough manuscript for the reading to the public. He had noted Dr. Johnson's handwriting, for *he* had revised the draft, sometimes altering to a wrong meaning, from his total ignorance of the subject and of art: but never a stroke of Burke's pen was there to be seen. The pupil, it must be said for him, never lost faith in his master. Vandyke, Reynolds, Titian—he deemed these the great triumvirate of portraiture. Comparing them, he would say, that Vandyke's portraits were like pictures, Sir Joshua's like the reflections in a looking-glass, and Titian's like the real people. And he was useful to the great painter in another way, for he sat for one of the children in the Count Ugolino picture (the one in profile with the hand to the face): while posed for this, he was introduced as a pupil of Sir Joshua to Mr. Edmund Burke, and turned to look at that statesman. "He is not only an artist, but has a head that would do for Titian to paint," said Mr. Burke. He served, too, another celebrated man. With Ralph, Sir Joshua's servant, he went to the gallery of Covent Garden Theatre, to support Dr. Goldsmith's new comedy, "She stoops to Conquer," on the first night of its performance. While his friends are trooping to the theatre, the poor author is found sick and shivering with nervousness, wandering up and down the Mall in St. James' Park. He can hardly be induced to witness the production of his own play. Johnson's lusty laugh from the front row of a side box gives the signal to the worthy *claque*, who applaud to an almost dangerous extent, in their zeal for their friend, because there runs a rumor that Cumberland and Ossian Macpherson and Kelly are getting up a hiss in the pit. "How did you like the play?" asked Goldsmith of the young painter, who had been clapping his hands until they ached, in the gallery by the side of good Mr. Ralph.



"I wouldn't presume to be a judge in such a matter," the art-student answered.

"But did it make you laugh?"

"Oh, exceedingly."

"That's all I require," said Goldsmith, and sent him box tickets for the author's benefit night, that he might go and laugh again.

Sir Joshua's pupil was James Northcote, a long-lived man, born at Devonport in 1746, and dying at his London house, in Argyll Place, Regent Street, in 1831. If he had a Titianesque look in his youth, he possessed it still more in his age. Brilliant eyes, deeply set; grand projecting nose; thin, compressed lips; a shrewd, catlike, penetrating look; fine, high, bald forehead, yellow and polished, though he often hid this with a fantastic green velvet painting cap, and straggling bunches of quite white hair behind his ears. A little, meagre man, not more than five feet high, in a shabby, patched dressing-gown, almost as old as himself, leading a quiet, cold, penurious life. He never married. He had never even been in love. He had never had the time, or he had never had the passion necessary for such pursuits, or he was too deeply devoted to his profession. He was always brush in hand, perched up on a temporary stage, painting earnestly, fiercely, "With the inveterate diligence of a little devil stuccoing a mud wall!" cried flaming Mr. Fuseli.

He received many visitors in his studio. He was constantly at home, and liked to talk over his work, for he never paused on account of the callers. He never let go his palette even. He went to the door with a "Gude God!" his favorite exclamation in his west country dialect, "what, is it *you*? Come in:" and then climbed his way back to his canvas, asking and answering in his cool, self-possessed way, all about the news of the day. Yet he was violent and angry, and outspoken sometimes, was Sir Joshua's loyal pupil.

"Look at the feeling of Raphael!" said some one to him.

"Bah!" cried the little man. "Look at Reynolds: he was all feeling! The ancients were *baysts* in feeling, compared to him." And again: "I tell'ee the King and Queen could not bear the presence of *he*. Do you think he was overawed by *they*?

Gude God! He was poison to their sight. They felt ill at ease before such a being—they shrunk into themselves, overawed by his intellectual superiority. They inwardly prayed to God that a trap-door might open under the feet of the throne, by which they might escape—his presence was too terrible!"

Certainly he was possessed by no extravagant notions of the divinity of blood royal.

"What do you know," he was asked, "of the Prince of Wales, that he so often speaks of you?"

"Oh! he knows nothing of me, nor I of him—it's only his *bragging*!" so the painter grandly replied.

He could comprehend the idea of distinction of ranks little more than old Mr. Nollekens, who would persist in treating the royal princes quite as common acquaintances, taking them by the button-hole, forgetful altogether of the feuds of the king's family, and asking them *how their father did?* with an exclamation to the heir-apparent of, "Ah! we shall never get such another when he's gone!" though there was little enough veneration for the king in this, as he proved, when he measured the old king, sitting for his bust, from the lip to the forehead, as though he had been measuring a block of marble, and at last fairly stuck the compasses into his majesty's nose. Even the king, who was not very quick at a joke, could not fail to see the humor of the situation, and laughed immensely.

Modern taste prefers Northcote's portraits to his more pretentious works. The glories of Mr. Alderman Boydell's Shakspeare Gallery have pretty well passed away. However, Northcote's pictures were among the best of the collection. His "Arthur and Hubert," and the "Murder of the Princes in the Tower," and "The Interment of the Bodies by Torchlight," were very forcible and dramatic works of art, and possessed more natural attractions than the pictures of many of his competitors. His pupilage with Sir Joshua prevented his falling into the washed leather and warm drab errors of tone that then distinguished the English school of historical painting. In the picture of the Burial of the Princes, Fuseli criticised:—

"You shouldn't have made that fellow holding up his hands to receive the bodies.

You should have made him digging a hole for them. How awfully grand; with a pick-axe, digging, dump, dump, dump!"

"Yes," Northcote answered; "but how am I to paint the sound of dump, dump, dump?"

The Boydell pictures were for a long time very popular, and the engravings of them enjoyed a large sale. Of course, Northcote despised Hogarth. Abuse of that painter seemed to be one of the duties of the British historical artist of that day. Yet he paid him homage: he painted a series of pictures, Hogarthian in subject, and proved to the satisfaction of everybody, one would think, the absolute superiority of Hogarth. Mr. Northcote's moral subjects, illustrative of vice and virtue, in the progress of two young women, are not to be mentioned in the same breath with the "Marriage à la Mode." Not merely were they deficient in expression—they were not equal in point of art-execution, though of course the more modern painter had planned to excel in both these qualities. But Northcote's portraits are really admirable—broad and vigorous—with much of Sir Joshua's charm of color, if not his charm of manner exactly.

For fifty years he lived in Argyll Place, passing the greatest part of that time in his studio—a small room not more than nine feet by twelve, crowded with the conventional articles of *vertu* that were then considered to be the indispensable properties of a painter. His maiden sister—"Northcote in petticoats," she was often called, she was so like him in face, figure, and manner—superintended his frugal household. Its economy was simple enough. The brother and sister were of one opinion. "Half the world died of over-feeding," they said. They went into an opposite extreme, and nearly starved themselves. When there was a cry in the land about scarcity of food, they did not heed the panic; they were accustomed to the minimum of sustenance, they could hardly be deprived of that. Fuseli, who sowed his satire broadcast, exclaimed, one day: "What! Does Northcote keep a dog? What does he live upon? Why, he must eat his own fleas!" But the painter did not attempt to force his opinions upon others, so the kennel and the kitchen fared better than the parlor. The servants were indulgently treated, permitted to eat as they

pleased, and die in their own fashion—of repletion or apoplexy, if it seemed good to them.

If he was cold and callous and cynical to the rest of the world, he was ever good and kind to the pinched, elderly lady, his sister. By his will he gave directions that every thing in his house should remain undisturbed, that there should be no sale of his property in her lifetime. He was counselled by considerate friends to have all his pictures sold immediately after his funeral while his name was fresh in the memory of the public; it was urged that his estate would benefit very much by the adoption of such a course. "Gude God, no!" the old man would cry; "I haven't patience with ye! Puir thing! d'ye think she'll not be sufficiently sad when my coffin be borne away, and she be left desolate! Tearing my pictures from the walls, and ransacking every nook and corner, and packing up and carting away what's dearer to her than household gods, and all for filthy lucre's sake! No; let her enjoy the few years that will be spared to her; when she walks about the house let her feel it all her own, such as it be, and nothing missing but her brother. I'd rather my bones were torn from my grave, and scattered to help repair the roads, than that a single thing should be displaced here to give her pain. Ye'll drive me mad!"

One day there was a great crowd in Argyll Place. Not to see the painter, not even to see a royal carriage that had just drawn up at his door, nor a popular prince of the blood who occupied the carriage, but to catch a glimpse of one about whom the town was then quite mad—raving mad, a small good-looking schoolboy, a theatrical homunculus, the Infant Roscius, Master William Henry Betty. Of course rages and panics and manias seem to be very foolish things contemplated by the cool gray light of the morning after. It seems rather incredible now that crowds should have assembled round the theatre at one o'clock to see Master Betty play Barbarossa in the evening; that he should have played for twenty-eight nights at Drury Lane, and drawn £17,000 into the treasury of the theatre. He was simply a handsome boy of thirteen with a fine voice, deep for his age, and powerful but monotonous. Surely, he was not very intellectual, though he did witch the town so marvelously. "If they admire me so much, what

would they say of Mr. Harley?" quoth the boy, simply. Mr. Harley being the head tragedian of the same strolling company—a large-calved, leather-lunged player, doubtless, who had awed provincial groundlings for many a long year. Yet the boy's performance of Douglas charmed John Home, the author of the tragedy. "The first time I ever saw the part of Douglas played according to my ideas of the character!" he exclaimed, as he stood in the wings: but he was then seventy years of age. "The little Apollo off the pedestal!" cried Humphreys, the artist. "A beautiful effusion of natural sensibility," said cold Northcote; "and then that graceful play of the limbs in youth—what an advantage over every one else." As the child grew, the charm vanished; the crowds that had applauded the boy fled from the man. Byron denounced him warmly. "His figure is fat, his features flat, his voice unmanageable, his action ungraceful, and, as Diggorry says [in the farce of "All the World's a Stage"], 'I defy him to extort that d—d muffin-face of his into madness!'" Happy Master Betty! Hapless *Mister Betty*!

Opie had painted the Infant as the shepherd so well known to nursery prodigies watching on the Grampian Hills the flocks of his father, "a frugal swain, whose constant care," etc., etc. His royal highness the Duke of Clarence, who was a patron of the stage—or the people on it, or some of them—brought the boy to Northcote, to be represented in a "Vandyke costume retiring from the altar of Shakspeare"—rather an unmeaning ceremonial. But the picture was a great success, and the engraving of it published and dedicated to the duke. He was then about forty—a hearty, bluff gentleman, supposed to be free and breezy in his manliness from his service at sea, kindly and unaffected in manner, had not the slightest knowledge of art, but regarded Northcote as "an honest, independent, little, old fellow," seasoning that remark with an oath, after the quarter-deck manner of naval gentlemen of the period.

The prince sat in the studio while the artist drew the Infant. Northcote was not a man to wear a better coat upon his back for all that his back was going to be turned upon royalty. He still wore the ragged, patched dressing-gown he always worked

in. The painting of Master Betty was amusing at first, but it seemed, in the end, to be but a prolonged and tedious business to the not artistic looker-on. He must amuse himself somehow. Certainly Northcote's appearance was comical. Suddenly the painter felt a twitching at his collar. He turned, frowning angrily, but said nothing. The prince persevered. Presently he touched lightly the painter's rough white locks.

"Mr. Northcote, pray how long do you devote to the duties of the toilet?"

It was very rude of his royal highness, but then he was so bored by the sitting.

The little old painter turned round full upon him.

"I never allow any one to take personal liberties with me. You are the first that ever presumed to do so. I beg your royal highness to recollect that I am in my own house."

He spoke warmly, glanced haughtily, then worked at his canvas again. There was silence for some minutes. Quietly the duke opened the door and left the room. The painter took no notice.

But the royal carriage had been sent away. It would not be required until five o'clock. It was not yet four, and it was raining!

The duke returned to the studio.

"Mr. Northcote, it rains. Will you have the kindness to lend me an umbrella?"

Calmly the painter rang the bell.

"Bring your mistress' umbrella."

Miss Northcote's umbrella was the only silk one in the house. The servant showed the prince down-stairs, and he left the house protected from the shower by Miss Northcote's umbrella.

"You have offended his royal highness," said some one in the room.

"I am the offended party," the painter answered with dignity.

Next day he was alone in his studio when a visitor was announced.

"Mr. Northcote," said the duke, entering, "I return Miss Northcote's umbrella, you were so kind as to lend me yesterday."

The painter bowed, receiving it from the royal hands.

"I have brought it myself, Mr. Northcote," the duke continued, "that I might have the opportunity of saying that I yes-

terday took a liberty which you properly resented. I am angry with myself. I hope you will forgive me, and think no more of it."

The painter bowed his acceptance of the apology.

"Gude God!" he exclaimed, afterwards telling the story, "what could I say? He could see what I felt. I could have given my life for him! Such a prince is worthy to be a king!"

More than a quarter of a century passed, and then the Duke of Clarence was the king of England—William the Fourth. The old painter was still living, at work as usual, though weak and bent enough now, but with his brain still active, his tongue still sharp, his eyes still very brilliant in his lined shrunken face. "A poor creature," he said of himself, "perhaps amusing for half an hour or so, or curious to see like a little dried mummy in a museum." He employed himself in the preparation of a number of illustrations to a book of fables published after his death. He collected prints of animals, and cut them out carefully; then he moved about such as he selected for his purpose on a sheet of plain paper, and, satisfying himself at last as to the composition of the picture, he fixed the figures in their places with paste, filled in backgrounds with touches

of his pencil, and then handed the curious work to Mr. Harvey, the engraver, to be copied on wood and engraved. The success of the plan was certainly as remarkable as its eccentricity.

He employed his pen as well as his pencil, contributed papers to the "Artist," and published, in 1813, a life of Sir Joshua. A year before his death he produced a "Life of Titian," the greater part of which, however, was probably written by his friend and constant companion Hazlitt.

He was in his small studio, brush in hand, very tranquil and happy, within two days of his death. It seemed as though he had been forgotten. "If Providence were to leave me the liberty of choosing my heaven, I should be content to occupy my little painting-room, with the continuance of the happiness I have experienced there, even forever." He spoke of his works without arrogance. "Every thing one can do falls short of nature. I am always ready to beg pardon of my sitters after I have done, and to say I hope they'll excuse it. The more one knows of the art, and the better one can do, the less one is satisfied."

Sir Joshua's pupil—"Of all his pupils I am the only one who ever did any thing at all,"—died on the 13th July, 1831, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

DUTTON COOK.

SHIPTONIANA.—Just after the Cato Street conspiracy, I called on my friend John Taylor, the editor of *The Sun* (then in its Tory meridian), when he exclaimed, "We have them now! one of their gang (Monument is the fellow's name) has peached; and he is lodged in the Tower for safe-keeping." "Ah! ha!" said I, "Mother Shipton's prophecy, word for word!"

"When the Monument doth come to the Tower,  
Then shall fall rebellion's power."

"Where did you find that?" cried Tory John, pretty considerably astonished. "There are several editions of Mother Shipton," I gravely replied; "I found it in mine." He insisted on a copy. Into *The Sun* it went that same evening, and in due time he showed me

several provincial journals into which it had been copied. In fact, it went the round of the press. Over and over again he asked me to show him my copy, until I was obliged, in confidence of course, to confess, the impromptu.—*Notes and Queries.*

A PERFECTLY successful attempt has been made to illuminate the courts of the Tuileries and the Place du Carrousel by the electric light. The generating apparatus is placed in a cellar under Marshal Vaillant's apartments in the Tuileries, and the illuminating power is so great that the ordinary gas-jets seem absolutely lightless. The appearance of these localities every evening is that of an animated fair. The cost of the electric light is stated to be considerably less than that of gas.

From The Welcome Guest.

SAMUEL LOWGOOD'S REVENGE.

FROM the first to the last we were rivals and enemies. Perhaps it was on my part that the hatred, which eventually became so terrible a passion between us, first arose. Perhaps it was, perhaps it was! At any rate, he always said that it was so. I am an old man, and the past has much of it faded out; but that portion of my life which relates to him is as fresh in my mind to-night as ever it was fifty years ago, when his Gracious Majesty George the Second was king, and Christopher Weldon and I were junior clerks together in the great house of Tyndale and Tyndale, shipowners, Dockside, Willborough.

He was very handsome. It was hard for a pale-faced, sallow-complexioned, hollow-eyed, insignificant lad, as I was, to sit at the same desk with Christopher Weldon, and guess the comparisons that every stranger entering the counting-house must involuntarily make, as he looked at us,—if he looked at us, that is to say; and it was difficult not to look at Christopher. Good heavens! I can see him now, seated at the worn, old, battered, ink-stained desk, with all the July sunlight streaming through the dingy office windows, down upon his waving clusters of pale golden hair, with his bright blue eyes looking out, through the smoky panes, at the forests of masts, dangling ropes, and grimy sails, in the dock outside; with one girlish, white hand carelessly thrown upon the desk before him, and the delicate fingers of the other twisted in his flowing curls. He was scarcely one-and-twenty, the spoiled pet of a widowed mother, the orphan son of a naval officer, and the darling idol of half the women in the seaport of Willborough. It was not so much to be wondered at, then, that he was a fop and a maccaroni, and that the pale golden curls, which he brushed off his white forehead, were tied on his coat collar with a fine purple ribbon on Sundays and holidays. His cravat and ruffles were always of delicate lace, worked by his loving mother's hands; his coats were made by a London tailor, who had once worked for Mr. George Selwyn and Lord March; and he wore diamond shoe buckles and a slender court sword sometimes out of office hours.

I, too, was an orphan; but I was doubly an orphan. My father and mother had both

died in my infancy. I had been reared in a workhouse, had picked up chance waifs and strays of education from the hardest masters, and had been drafted, at the age of ten, into the offices of Tyndale and Tyndale. Errand boy, light porter, office drudge, junior clerk—one by one I had mounted the rounds in this troublesome ladder, which for me could only be begun from the very bottom; and, at the age of twenty-one, I found myself—where? In a business character, I was on a level with Christopher Weldon, the son of a gentleman. How often I, the pauper orphan of a bankrupt cornhandler, had to hear this phrase,—the son of a gentleman. In a business character, I say, I, Samuel Lowgood, who had worked, and slaved, and drudged, and been snubbed, and in spite of all, had become a clever accountant and a thorough arithmetician—throughout eleven long, weary years—was in the same rank as Christopher Weldon, who had been in the office exactly four weeks, just to see, as his mother said, whether it would suit him.

He was about as much good in the counting-house as a wax doll would have been, and, like a wax doll, he looked very pretty; but Messrs. Tyndale and Tyndale had known his father, and Tyndale senior, knew his uncle, and Tyndale junior, was acquainted with his first cousin, who lived at the court end of London; so he was taken at once into the office, as junior clerk, with every chance, as one of the seniors told me confidentially, of rising much higher, if he took care of himself.

He knew about as much arithmetic as a baby; but he was very clever with his pen, in sketching pretty girls, with powdered heads, flowing saccues, and pannier hoops; so he found plenty of amusement in doing this, and reading Mr. Henry Fielding's novels behind the ledger; and the head clerks left him to himself, and snubbed me for not doing his work as well as my own.

I hated him. I hated his foppish ways and his haughty manners. I hated his handsome, boyish, radiant face, with its golden frame of waving hair, and its blue, beaming, hopeful eyes. I hated him for the sword which swung across the stiff skirts of his brocaded coat; for the money which he jingled in his waistcoat pockets; for the two watches which he wore on high days and holidays; for his merry laugh; for his melo-



dious voice; for his graceful walk; for his tall, slender figure; for his jovial, winning ways, which won everybody else's friendship. I hated him for all these; but, most of all, I hated him for his influence over her.

She was a poor dependant upon the bounty of the house of Tyndale and Tyndale, and she had the care of the town residence belonging to the firm, which communicated with the offices.

People knew very little about her, except that she was the daughter of a superannuated old clerk, who had gone stone blind over the ledgers of Tyndale and Tyndale, and that she lived with her father in this dreary, old, deserted, unoccupied town house. Once or twice in a year, the brothers would take it into their heads to give a dinner party in this disused dwelling, and then the great oak furniture was polished, and clusters of wax candles were lighted in the twisted silver scones, and the dim pictures of the Tyndales dead and gone, shipowners and merchants in the days of William and Mary, were uncovered; but, at other times, Lucy Malden and her blind old father had the great place, with its long, dark corridors, and its lofty chambers into which the light rarely penetrated, all to themselves. The house joined the offices, and the offices and the house formed three sides of a square, the dockside forming the fourth. The counting-house in which Christopher Weldon and I sat was exactly opposite the house.

I watched him the morning when he first saw her—watched him without his being aware of it. It was a blazing July day; and, when she had arranged her father's room, and her own, and the little sitting-room which they shared together, which formed a range of apartments on the second story, she came to her window, and, opening it to its widest extent, sat down to her needlework. She eked out the slender income which the firm allowed her father, by the sale of her needlework, which was very beautiful. A screen of flowers, in great stone jars, sheltered the window, and behind these she placed herself.

He saw her in a moment, and his pen fell from his listless hand.

She was not beautiful. I know that she was not beautiful. I think that many would have scarcely called her even a pretty girl; but to me, from the first to the last, she was

the fairest, the dearest, and the loveliest of women, and it is so difficult to me to dispossess myself of her image, as that image shone upon me, that I doubt if I can describe her as she really was.

She was very pale. The dreary, joyless life she led in that dark, old house, in the heart of a dingy seaport town, had perhaps blanched the roses in her cheeks, and dimmed the sunlight in her thoughtful brown eyes. She had very light hair—hair of the palest flaxen, perfectly straight and smooth, which she wore turned back over a roll, and fastened in one thick mass at the back of her head. Her eyes, in utter contrast to this light hair, were of the darkest brown, so dark and deep, that the stranger always thought them black. Her features were small and delicate, her lips thin, her figure slender, and below the average height. Her dress, a little quilted petticoat, with a gray stuff gown, and a white apron.

His pen fell out of his hand, and he looked up at her window, and began to hum the air of a favorite song in the new opera, about thieves and ragamuffins, which had got Mr. Gay and a beautiful duchess into such disgrace, up in London.

He was such a conceited beau and lady-killer, that he could not rest till she had looked at the office window by which he sat.

The song attracted her, and she lifted her eyes from her work, and looked down at him.

She started, and blushed—blushed a beautiful, rosy red, that lighted up her pale face like the reflection of a fire; and then, seeing me at my desk, nodded and smiled to me. She and I had been friends for years, and I only waited till I should rise one step higher in the office, to tell her how much I loved her.

From that day, on some excuse or other, Christopher Weldon was always dangling about the house. He scraped acquaintance with her blind old father. He was a pretty musician, and he would put his flute in his pocket, after office hours, and stroll over to the house, and sit there, in the twilight, playing to the father and daughter for the hour together, while I hid myself in the shadow of the counting-house doorway, and stood watching them. Oh! how I hated him, as I saw, across the screen of plants, the two fair heads side by side, and the blind

old father nodding, and smiling, and applauding the music. How I hated that melodious opera of Mr. Gay's! How I hated him, as they stood on the step of the hall door, between the tall iron extinguishers under the disused oil lamp, wishing each other good-night! I thought that I could see the little white hand tremble, as it fluttered an adieu to him, as he strode away through the dusky evening.

Should I dog his steps, and, when he got to a lonely place upon the narrow quay, dart suddenly upon him, and push him into the water?—push him in where the barges lay thickly clustered together, and where he must sink, under their keels, down into the black stream? Heaven knows I have asked myself this question!

For months I watched them. Oh, misery! what bitter pain, what silent torture, what a long fever of anguish and despair!

How could I do him some dire injury, which should redress one atom of this mighty sum of wrong which he had done me?—fancied wrong, perhaps; for if he had not won her love, I might never have won it. But I prayed,—I believe I was wicked and mad enough even to pray for some means of doing him as deadly an injury as I thought he had done me.

He looked up at me one day, in his gay, reckless fashion, and said, suddenly pushing the ledger away from him, with a weary sigh,—

"Samuel Lowgood, do you know what a tailor's bill is?"

I cursed him in my heart for his insolence in asking me the question; but I looked down at my greasy, white coat-sleeve, and said,—

"I have worn this for five years, and I bought it second-hand of a dealer on the quay."

"Happy devil!" he said, with a laugh; "if you want to see a tailor's bill, then, look at that."

He tossed me over a long slip of paper, and I looked at the sum total.

It seemed to me something so prodigious, that I had to look at it ever so many times before I could believe my eyes.

"Thirty-seven pounds, thirteen and fourpence halfpenny. I like the fourpence halfpenny," he said; "it looks honest. Samuel Lowgood, my mother's heart would break

if she saw that bill. I must pay it in a fortnight from to-day, or it will come to her ears."

"How much have you got towards paying it?" I asked.

My heart beat faster at the thought of his trouble, and my face flushed up crimson; but he was leaning his forehead gloomily upon his hand, and he never looked at me.

"How much have I got towards it?" he said, bitterly. "This." And he turned his waistcoat pockets inside out, one after the other. "Never mind," he added, in his old, reckless tone, "I may be a rich man before the fortnight's out."

That evening he was dangling over at the house as usual, and I heard "Cease your Funning," on the flute, and saw the two fair heads across the dark foliage of Lucy Malden's little flower-garden.

I was glad of his trouble, I was glad of his trouble! It was small, indeed, to the sorrow and despair which I wished him; but it *was* trouble, and the bright, fair-haired, blue-eyed boy knew what it was to suffer.

The days passed, and the fortnight was nearly gone, but he said no more about the tailor's bill. So one day as we sat as usual at the desk, I working hard at a difficult row of figures, he chewing the end of his pen, and looking rather moodily across the courtyard, I asked him,—

"Well, you have got rid of your difficulty?"

"What difficulty?" he asked, sharply.

"Your tailor's bill. The thirty-seven, thirteen, and fourpence halfpenny?"

He looked at me very much as if he would have liked to have knocked me off the office stool; but he said, presently, "Oh, yes, that's been settled ever so long!" and he began to whistle one of his favorite songs.

"Ever so long!" His trouble lasted a very little time, I thought.

But in spite of this he was by no means himself. He sat at his desk with his head buried in his hands; he was sharp and short in his answers when anybody spoke to him, and we heard a great deal less of the "Beggars' Opera," and "Polly."

All of a sudden, too, he grew very industrious, and took to writing a great deal; but he contrived to sit in such a manner that I could never find out what he was writing.

It was some private matter of his own, I knew. What could it be?

Love-letters, perhaps; letters to her!

A fiendish curiosity took possession of me, and I determined to fathom his secret.

I left the counting-house on some pretence, and, after a short absence, returned so softly that he could not hear me, and, stealing behind him, lifted myself upon tip-toe, and looked over his shoulder.

He was writing over and over again, across and across, upon half a sheet of letter paper, the signature of the firm, "Tyndale and Tyndale."

What could it mean? Was it pre-occupation? mere absence of mind? idle trifling with his pen? The fop had a little pocket mirror hanging over his desk. I looked into it, and saw his face.

I knew then what it meant. My hatred of him gave me such a hideous joy in the thought of what I had discovered, that I laughed aloud. He turned round, and asked me savagely what I was doing? and, as he turned, he crumpled the paper in his hand, inking his pretty white fingers with the wet page.

"Spy! sneak! sycophant!" he said, "what are you crawling about here for?"

"I was only trying to startle you, Mister Weldon," I answered. "What are you writing, that you're so frightened of my seeing? Love-letters?"

"Mind your own business, and look to your own work, you pitiful spy," he roared out, "and leave me to do mine my own way."

"I would, if I were you. It seems such a nice way," I answered, meekly.

Two days after this, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, Christopher Weldon asked one of the senior clerks for a quarter of an hour's leave of absence. He wanted to see a fellow round in the High Street, he said, and he couldn't see him after four o'clock.

I felt my sallow face flame up into a scarlet flush, as my fellow-clerk made this request. Could it be as I thought?

He had been four months in the office, and it was the end of November. The end of November, and almost dark at half-past three o'clock.

They granted his request without the slightest hesitation. He left his desk, took his hat up, and walked slowly to the door:

at the door he stopped, turned back to his desk, and throwing his hat down, leaned moodily upon his folded arms.

"I don't know that I care much about seeing the fellow, now," he said.

"Why, Chris," cried one of the clerks, "what's the matter with you, man? Are you in love or in debt, that you are so unlike yourself?"

"Neither," he said, with a short laugh.

"What, not in love, Chris? How about the pretty little fair-haired girl over the way?"

"How about her?" he said, savagely. "She's a cold-hearted little coquette, and she may go to—"

I slapped the ledger, on which I was at work, violently on to the desk, and looked up at him.

"Christopher Weldon!"

"Your humble servant," he said, mockingly. "There's a face! Have I been poaching upon your manor, Samuel?"

"If you want to see your friend before four o'clock, you'd better be off, Chris," said the clerk.

He took up his hat once more, twirled it slowly round for a few moments, then put it on his head, and, without saying a word to any one, hurried out of the office and across the courtyard.

She was standing at her open window opposite, with her forehead leaning against the dingy framework of the panes, and I watched her start and tremble as she saw him.

"If I'm to take these accounts into the Market-place, I'd better take them now, hadn't I, sir?" I asked of the senior clerk.

"You may as well."

There was a back way through some narrow courts and squares which led from the dock-side to the High Street, in which the house Tyndale and Tyndale banked with was situated. I was hurrying off this way, when I stopped and changed my mind.

"He'll go the back way," I thought; "I'll cut across the Market-place by the most public road."

In five minutes I was in the High Street. Opposite the bank there was a little tobacconist's, at which our clerks were accustomed to buy their pennyworths of snuff. I strolled in, and asked the girl to fill my box. I was quite an old man in most of my ways, and snuff-taking was a confirmed habit with me.

As she weighed the snuff, I stood looking through the low window at the great doors of the bank opposite.

One of the doors swung back upon its hinges. An old man, a stranger to me, came out.

Three minutes more.

"I am waiting for a friend," I said to the girl at the counter.

Two minutes more the doors opened again. I was right, and I was not surprised. Christopher Weldon came out of the bank, and walked quickly down the street.

It was too dark for me to see his face; but I knew the tall, slender figure and the dashing walk.

"I am not surprised; I am only glad," I said.

During my long service in the house of Tyndale and Tyndale, I had lived so hard as to have been able to save money from my scanty earnings. I had scraped together, from year to year, the sum of forty-eight pounds fifteen shillings.

"I will save a hundred," I had said, "and then I will ask her to marry me."

But the only dream of my life was forever broken, and my little hoard was useless to me now.

Useless to purchase love, perhaps, but it might yet bring me revenge.

I put every farthing I possessed into my pocket the next morning, and the first time I could find an excuse for going out, hurried down to the bank.

"One of our clerks presented a cheque here, yesterday," I said.

The man looked up with an expression of surprise.

"Yes, certainly. There was a cheque cashed yesterday. Your handsome, fair-haired junior brought it."

"Will you let me look at it?"

"Well, upon my word, it's rather a strange—"

"Request. Perhaps. On the part of Messrs. Tyndale and Tyndale, I—"

"Oh, he said, 'if you are commissioned by the firm to—'"

"Never mind," I said, "whether I am or not. As you think my request a strange one, I'll put it in another way. Will you be so good as to look at the cheque yourself?"

"Yes, certainly. Here it is," he added,

selecting a paper from a drawer; "a cheque for forty. Payable to bearer."

"Look at the signature of the firm."

"Well, it's right enough, I think. I ought to know the signature pretty well."

"Look at the 'y' in 'Tyndale.'"

He scrutinized the signature more closely, and lifted his eyebrows with a strange, perplexed expression.

"It's rather stiff, isn't it?" I said. "Not quite old Tyndale's flowing calligraphy. Very near it, you know, and a very creditable imitation; but not quite the real thing?"

"It's a forgery!" he said.

"It is."

"How did you come to know of it?"

"Never mind that," I answered. "Mr. Simmonds, have you any sons?"

"Three."

"One about the age of Christopher Weldon, perhaps?"

"One pretty nearly his age."

"Then you'll help me to save this young man, won't you?"

"How is it to be done?"

"Cancel the cheque, and replace the money."

"My good young man, who's to find the money?"

I drew a little canvas bag out of my pocket, and turned out a heap of one-pound notes and spade guineas upon the clerk's desk.

"Here's the exact sum," I said, "forty pounds, ready money, for the slip of paper Christopher Weldon presented here at ten minutes to four yesterday evening."

"But who finds this money?"

"I do. Christopher Weldon and I have been fellow-clerks for four months and upwards. I have seen his mother. I know how much she loves her handsome, fair-haired, only son. I know a girl who loves him, and I don't mind forty pounds out of my savings to keep this matter a secret. Mr. Simmonds, for the sake of your own sons, let me have that slip of paper, and cancel the cheque."

The old man caught my hand in his, and shook it heartily.

"Young Lowgood," he said, "there's not another lad in Willborough capable of such a generous action. If I were not a poor old fellow, with a hard fight of it to get a living,

I'd be twenty pounds in this transaction; but I respect and honor you."

I burst out laughing as he let go my hand and gave me the forged cheque in exchange for the forty pounds I counted out to him.

"Laugh away, laugh away," said the old man, "you've need to have a light heart, Samuel Lowgood, for you're a noble fellow."

In the back office there was a great chest which had been disused for some years. The clerks let me have it for my own use, and inside it I had a smaller iron clamped strong-box of my own, which I had bought of a broker on the quay. Into this strong-box I put the forged cheque.

Christopher Weldon's high spirits entirely deserted him. It was such pleasure to me to watch him slyly as I sat beside him, apparently occupied only by my work, that I was almost tempted to neglect my business.

No more "Beggar's Opera," no more "Polly," no more flute-playing in the dusk of the evening over at the gloomy old house.

"That lad Weldon is leaving off his giddy ways, and growing industrious," said the clerks; "he'll get on in the world, depend upon it."

"Let him—let him—let him," I thought, "let him grapple, let him mount the ladder, and when he reaches the highest round—then—then—"

In the following March there were some changes made in the office. Tyndale and Tyndale had a branch house of business in Thames Street, London, and into this house Christopher Weldon was drafted, with a salary nearly double that he had received in Willborough.

The change came about very suddenly. They wanted some one of gentlemanly appearance and polished manners in the London office, and Weldon, they said, was the very man.

I hadn't spoken to Lucy Malden for upwards of two months; but I thought I would go and tell her this piece of news.

"I shall find out whether she really loves him," I thought.

She sat at her old place at the window, in the cold, spring twilight, when I followed her father into the house and bade her good-evening.

She was not paler, for she had always been pale; nor graver than usual, for she

was always grave; but, in spite of this, I saw that she had suffered.

My presence had no more effect upon her than if I had been nothing more sentient than the clumsy, high-backed, oak chair, upon which I leaned as I stood talking to her.

She looked at me when I spoke, answered me sweetly and gently, and then looked down again at her tedious work.

I knew that I had come, coward as I was, to stab this generous and innocent heart, but I could not resist the fiendish temptation.

"So our pretty fair-haired boy is going to leave us," I said, by and by.

She knew whom I meant, and I saw the stiff embroidery shiver in her hand.

"Christopher?" she faltered.

"Young Mr. Weldon," I said. "Yes, the gentleman clerk. He's going away, never to come back here, I dare say. He's going into the London house to make his fortune."

She made no answer, nor did she ask me a single question. She sat, going on with her work, sorting the gay-colored silks, straining out her eyes in the dusky light over the difficult pattern; but I saw—I saw how deeply I had struck into this poor, pitiful, broken heart, and I knew now how much she had loved him.

Ten years from that day, I stood in the same room—she working at the same window—and asked her to be my wife.

"I do not ask," I said, "for the love which you gave to another, ten years ago. I do not ask for the beauty which those who speak to me of you, say is faded out of your mournful face. You will always be to me the most beautiful of women; and your gentle tolerance will be dearer to me than the most passionate love of another. Lucy Malden, will you marry me?"

She started up, letting her work fall out of her lap, and turning her face towards the window, she burst into a tempest of sobs.

I had never seen her cry before.

At last she turned to me, with her face all drowned in tears, and said,—

"Samuel Lowgood, ten years ago, day after day, and night after night, I waited for another to say the words which have just been said by you. I had every right



to expect he should say them. He never did—he never did. Forgive me—forgive me—if it seems to break my heart afresh to hear them spoken by another!”

“He is a prosperous man, in London,” I said; “Lucy Malden, will you be my wife?”

She dried her tears; and, coming slowly to me, put her little, cold hand into mine.

“Does that mean yes?” I asked.

She only bent her head in answer.

“God bless you! and good-night.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A year and a half after our marriage, we heard great news in the old Willborough house. Christopher Weldon had married a nobleman's daughter, and was about to become a partner in the house of Tyndale and Tyndale.

A night or two after we heard this news, there came a great rattling knock at the grim dragon's-head knocker of the house door. My wife and I lived in her old apartments, by permission of the firm, for I had advanced to be head clerk in the Willborough office.

I was sitting, going over some accounts that I had not been able to finish in the day; so she looked up at the sound of the knocking, and said,—

“I'll answer the door, Samuel—you're tired.”

She was a good and gentle wife to me, from the first to the last.

Presently I started from my desk, and rushed down the stairs. I had heard a voice that I knew in the hall below.

My wife was lying on the cold stone flags, and Christopher Weldon bending over her.

“Poor little thing!” he said. “She has fainted.”

“This decides me—this decides me!” I thought; “I'll have my forty pounds' worth before long.”

Christopher Weldon had come down to the house to announce to us, its custodians, that he was about to occupy it, with his wife, the Lady Belinda Weldon.

He brought a regiment of London upholsterers the next day, and set them to work tearing the gloomy old rooms to pieces. My lady came too, in her gilded chair, and gave orders for a blue room here, and a pink room there; cream-colored panelling and gilt mouldings in this drawing-room—pale green and silver in the other; and a

prim housekeeper came, after her ladyship's departure, to inform my wife that we must be prepared to leave the house in a week. In a week the place was transformed; and at the end of the week, Christopher Weldon was to give a great dinner party, at which Messrs. Tyndale and Tyndale were to be present, to inaugurate his entering into partnership with them. As senior clerk, I was honored by an invitation.

My enemy had mounted to the highest round of the ladder. Rich, beloved, honored, the husband of a lovely and haughty lady, partner in the great and wealthy house which he had entered as a junior clerk—what more could fortune bestow upon him?

My time had come—the time at which it was worth my while to crush him.

“I will wait till the dinner is over, and the toasts have been drunk, and all the fine speeches have been made; and when Tyndale senior has proposed the health of the new partner, in a speech full of eulogy, I will hand him the forged cheque across the dinner table.”

The night before the dinner party, I was in such a fever of excitement, that I tried in vain to sleep. I heard every hour strike on the little clock in our bedroom. Tyndale and Tyndale had given us a couple of empty offices on our being turned out of the great house, and enough of their old-fashioned furniture to fit them up very comfortably.

One—two—three—four—five—there I lay, tossing about. The hours seemed endless; and I sometimes thought the clock in our room, and all the church clocks of Willborough, had stopped simultaneously.

At last, towards six o'clock, I dropped off into a feverish, troubled sleep, in which I dreamed of the forged cheque, which I still kept locked in the strong-box inside the great chest in the back office.

I dreamed that it was lost—that I went to the strong-box, and found the cheque gone. The horror of the thought woke me suddenly. The broad sunshine was streaming in at the window, and the church clocks were striking nine.

I had slept much later than usual. My wife had risen, and was seated in our little sitting-room, at her accustomed embroidery. She was always very quiet and subdued, and generally sat at work nearly all day long.

My first impulse on waking was to look

under my pillow for my watch, and a black ribbon, to which was attached the key of the strong-box. The key of the chest hung on a nail in the office, as nothing of any consequence was kept in that. My watch and the key were perfectly safe.

My mind was relieved; but I was in a fever of excitement all day. "I will not take the cheque out of its hiding-place till the last moment," I said; "not till the moment before I put on my hat to go to the dinner party."

My wife dressed me carefully in a grave snuff-colored suit, which I generally wore on Sundays; she plaited my ruffles, and arranged my lawn cravat with its lace ends. I looked an old man already, though I was little better than thirty-three years of age; and Christopher Weldon was handsomer than ever.

At four o'clock in the afternoon, the courtyard was all astir with sedan chairs and powdered footmen. My wife stood in the window, looking at the company alighting from their chairs at the great door opposite.

"You had better go, I think, Samuel," she said; "the Tyndales have just arrived. Ah! there is my Lady Belinda at the window. How handsome she is! How magnificent she is, in powder, and diamonds, and an amber satin sacque!"

"You've a better right to wear amber satin and diamonds than she," I said.

"I, Samuel!"

"Yes. Because you're the wife of an honest man. She is not."

I thought for love of him she would have fired up and contradicted me; but she only looked away and sighed.

"You will be late, Samuel," she said.

"I have something to fetch out of the back office, and then I shall be ready," I answered.

The fiend himself must be in the work. It was gone—gone, every trace of it. At first, in my blind and maddened fury, I blasphemed aloud. Afterwards, I fell on my knees over the open chest, and wept—wrought bitter tears of rage and anguish. It was gone!

I had a brain fever after this, which confined me for nine weeks to my bed.

Christopher Weldon lived and died a prosperous and successful merchant—honored, courted, admired, and beloved.

My wife and I, childless and poor, used to sit at our windows in the dusk, and watch his children at play in the courtyard beneath us, and hear the innocent voices echoing through the great house opposite.

Thirteen years and five months after our wedding-day, Lucy died in my arms: her last words to me were these:—

"Samuel, I have done my best to do my duty, but life for me has never been very happy. Once only since our marriage have I deceived you. I saved you by that action, from doing a great wrong to a man who had never knowingly wronged you. One night, Samuel, you talked in your sleep, and I learned from your disjointed sentences the story of Christopher Weldon's crime. I learned, too, your purpose in possessing yourself of the only evidence of the forgery. I learned the place in which you kept that evidence; and, while you slept, I took the key from under your pillow, and opened the strong box. The cheque is here."

She took it from a little black silk bag which hung by a ribbon round her neck, and put it into my hand, "Samuel, husband, we have read the gospel together every Sunday evening through thirteen years. Will you use it now?"

"No, Lucy, no—angel—darling—no. You have saved him from disgrace—me from sin."

Every clerk in the house of Tyndale and Tyndale attended my wife's funeral. Not only were the clerks present, but pale, mournful, and handsome, in his long black mourning cloak, Christopher Weldon stood amidst the circle round the grave.

As we left the churchyard he came up to me, and shook hands.

"Let us be better friends for the future, Samuel," he said.

"My wife, when she died, bade me give you this," I answered, as I put the forged cheque into his hand.

M. E. BRADDON.

From The British Quarterly Review.

1. *Iceland: its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By Charles S. Forbes, Commander R.N. London: John Murray. 1860.
2. *Northufari; or Rambles in Iceland.* By Pliny Miles. London: Longmans. 1854.
3. *Iceland; or the Journal of a Residence in that Island during the Years 1814 and 1815.* By Dr. Ebenezer Henderson. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Oliphant. 1818.
4. *Travels in Iceland.* By Sir George Stewart Mackenzie, Bart. New edition. Edinburgh: Chambers. 1842.
5. *Journal of a Tour in Iceland in the Summer of 1809.* By Sir William Jackson Hooker, F.L.S. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1813.
6. *Visit to Iceland and the Scandinavian North.* By Madame Ida Pfeiffer. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1853.

THERE is an island on the borders of the Polar Circle where the Frost Giants and the Fire King are engaged in perpetual conflict. Which shall have the mastery is a question still unsolved, though centuries have been consumed in the strife. So equally matched are the rival powers, that neither of them can acquire any permanent ascendancy. From its proximity to the North, we might expect that the furniture of this island would be of the wintriest description, and that its mountains would be covered with snow, its gorges filled with glaciers, and its streams congealed into "motionless torrents." But we find that some of its hills are smoking volcanoes, that others are fuming with sulphur, that many of its plains were recently flooded with molten lava, and that the soil is pierced in all directions with pools of boiling mud, and fountains of scalding water.

If St. Helena has been styled a volcanic cinder, Iceland may be called a great volcanic block. Its whole substance has been poured out of the earth's glowing entrails. There was a time when the sea hung over its site; but the bed of the ocean was ruptured, and a huge mass of matter forced its way upwards, spite of the enormous resistance it had to encounter, until its steaming head was lifted high above the waters. What a magnificent spectacle this must have been, had mortal eye existed to trace the grand acts of upheaval. In modern times we have known rocks rise from the womb of the deep, but who has ever wit-

nessed any gigantic feats of parturition like those which gave birth to Iceland? In the year 1757 an islet, measuring a mile across, was thrown up about three miles from Pondicherry. In 1811, Sabrina was similarly formed in the neighborhood of St. Michael's (Azores), amidst terrible convulsions of land and ocean. Ferdinandea (or Graham's Island), near the Sicilian coast, Joanna Bogosslowa, in the sea of Kamschatka, and several others, children of the submarine volcano, have also sprung up in the waters; but these have all been comparatively puny in their dimensions, and after a short sojourn at the surface, down they sunk into the depths from which they were so strangely protruded.

At what period the foundation-stone of Iceland was laid, and how many successive eruptions occurred before the whole forty thousand square miles were upheaved, are matters which belong to the unrecorded past. But at no time could this vomit of the volcano be regarded as a tempting territory. Even at the present day not more than one-third of the island is available for agriculture, another third is fit only for the growth of heather, whilst the remaining portion is filled up with mountains, deserts, and lifeless tracts of lava. Looking at the interior, with its surface pimpled over with rugged hills and volcanic cones, its sandy solitudes where scarcely a blade of vegetation can be discovered, its horrible plains where the molten effusions of neighboring craters have congealed in the wildest forms, like a raging sea suddenly struck dumb, we should be disposed to say that, of all regions on the globe, this had been selected as the great battle-ground between Frost and Fire.

Now, that man should ever dream of settling in such an inhospitable place may well excite surprise. As a penal colony,—an insular gaol,—good. It is just the grimmer regions of the globe which ought to be set apart for the reception of rogues, instead of spoiling some of the fairer spots by copious importations of felony. If the governments of Europe had been in want of a nice little convict isle, a cesspool for the overflowings of their scoundrelism, we fancy that Iceland might have struck them as an extremely eligible quarter for the purpose.

But its destiny has been more fortunate. On this forbidding soil men sprung up as if

by magic, and, instead of contenting themselves with a shivering sort of civilization, they laid it out as a kind of literary garden, and stocked it with such flowers of fancy that it became almost as gay and verdant as an academic grove. Not that its first visitors were the most promising of personages. The discoverer of Iceland was a freebooter of the name of Nadoddr, one of those vikings who thought that plunder was a part of the duty of man, and that a descent upon an unprotected town was an honorable feat which would prove a sure passport to Valhalla. Sailing towards the Faroe Islands in the year 860, this marauder missed his mark, but came in sight of the land of Geysers, which, from its wintry look, he christened Snow Land. There being nothing to steal and nobody to slay, Nadoddr returned to richer seas, and four years afterwards was followed by a brother of the same craft, Gardar by name, who explored the whole coast, and repaid himself for his trouble by putting his door-plate (so to speak) upon the island—from thenceforth it was to be known as Gardar's-holm. Pirate the second was, however, speedily supplanted by pirate the third—Floki of the Ravens, as he was afterwards called; for, having taken three of these birds on board, he sent them out at different times to guide him on his course, and at length, reaching the isle, he gave it the title it has ever since carried, and spent ten years in investigating its shores. Was not this as rare an act of abstemiousness in a man who lived by picking and stealing, as it would be for an Algerine corsair to devote himself to a course of quiet geographical research?

It was clear, however, that Iceland was no place for men of buccaneering mould. Colonists of a higher quality speedily followed. Just about a thousand years ago certain Norwegians found themselves uncomfortable in their native country. Their king, Harold the Fair, had made himself so troublesome to his subjects by his tyranny and extortionate acts that many of them resolved to seek an asylum beyond the seas. Whither was the question? It was rumored that far away in the ocean there lay a peaceful little island where they might hope to escape the attentions of his troublesome majesty, and to live free, though self-banished. Under the leadership of a nobleman named

Ingolf, but doubtless with heavy hearts, the exiles set sail in the year 874, and after a rambling voyage of seven or eight hundred miles, performed in slender skiffs, they reached what Arngrim Jonas, one of their chroniclers, styles "the Canaan of the North." A strange title to give to a country whose plains were scorched with fire, and whose mountain peaks were wrapped in snow. But an early visitor had told them in language worthy of a Scandinavian George Robins, that the streams were full of delicate fish, and that the very "plants dropped butter." Salmon and cod, indeed, they found in abundance, but the pastures which were to serve as natural dairies—the vegetables which were to churn them butter for the asking—were not to be discovered in any quarter of the island. Such, however, was the charm of independence, that the Norwegians flocked thither in troops, and at length his troublesome majesty Harold forbade any further emigration, being determined, like Louis XIV. on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, that his discontented subjects should neither enjoy peace at home nor be permitted to seek it abroad.

It was in the year 874 (A.D.), then, that the history of Iceland commenced. "History, indeed," the reader will exclaim, "if such a functionary as a state annalist exists on that volcanic mound, will not his story be as brief as Canning's knife-grinder's, and his chapters as summary as Pontoppidan's on the snakes? What material could a Tacitus, a Gibbon, or an Alison find for his pen in a country which has had no kings with a host of vices to portray, and no warriors with a host of victories to record? What can a chronicler make of a region which even at the present hour has no fortresses to be taken by storm, and cannot boast of a single civilized park of artillery? A pretty place to think of having any history at all!"

Let us, however, overlook the presumption of the natives in this particular, and simply say, that for about half a century after Ingolf's settlement the colony subsisted under a species of patriarchal rule; but about the year 928 changes ensued, and the island was declared a republic. The new arrangements were admirable. Laws were carefully compiled; literature began to flourish; maritime discoveries (America in-

cluded) were effected, and Christianity was established as the religion of the country. This was the golden age of Iceland. But, somehow or other, a golden age never lasts. In our weary world a lease of happiness, personal or political, never runs long. In the present case it was out in little more than three hundred years. Perhaps this might be a fair spell of national bliss, all things considered, but, at any rate, in the year 1261, King Hacon of Norway, who had frequently cast a longing eye upon the island, contrived to corrupt a number of its influential people, and to bribe them into a transfer of their allegiance. What would men do to acquire a little gold or a little land? Verily, we believe there is scarcely an acre of enviable ground on the face of the globe which has not cost a soul or two at some period of its history. Handed over to Hacon in 1261, however, the island remained in the possession of the Norwegian sovereigns until 1380, when it was annexed to the crown of Denmark, and to the crown of Denmark it has ever since belonged.

But it is with the physical curiosities of the country, rather than with its history or its inhabitants, that we are now concerned. No sooner does an inquisitive traveller approach its shores than he feels an intense longing to visit its wonderful Geysers. Landing at Reykjavik, he finds himself in one of the funniest little capitals on the face of the globe. Iceland must of course have a metropolis. Why should it not, we should like to know? If it cannot exactly indulge in a London, Paris, or a Yeddo, there is no reason why it should not have a small chief town consisting mainly of two streets—with a small cathedral, capable of holding nearly one hundred and fifty persons—a small governor's palace, originally intended for a prison—a small house of Parliament, of ample calibre for nearly thirty senators—a small hotel, without either signboard or name; and, besides a few other public edifices, of a small number of private residences which look like warehouses; and of warehouses which look exceedingly like themselves. Nearly all these tenements are made of wood covered with tar, so that the capital of Iceland appears to be in deep mourning. Internally some of them are handsomely furnished, and Madame Pfeiffer discovered no less than six square piano fortes in the place,

but she maliciously surmises that Liszt and Thalberg would never have recognized their own music when executed by Icelandic hands. Many of the houses possess small gardens, where small vegetables are cultivated; but the botany of the island is so wretched, that good turnips, according to Sir W. Hooker, are about the size of an apple; and the largest tree in the country, according to Mr. Miles, was one on the governor's premises, which did not exceed five feet in height. No monster gooseberries of course are ever produced (or rapturously reported), and it has been sarcastically affirmed that the gardens are kept clean simply because the weeds would trouble themselves to grow. This small metropolis, too, has its small gayeties, for we hear of balls where the orchestra consisted of a violin, a rusty triangle, and a "half-rotten" drum; where ladies of fragile virtue appeared quite at home with the bishop of the island; where men walked about with tobacco-pipes in their mouths, and indulged in what Sir George Mackenzie politely terms the unrestrained evacuation of their saliva on the floor; and where waltzes were performed in such a funeral way that the spectator was reminded of soldiers stepping along to the music of the Dead March in Saul. Need we say further, that the population of Reykjavik scarcely exceeds that of many a British village—consisting as it does of about six hundred native residents, but increased by Danish traders and summer visitors from other parts of the country to about twelve hundred.

Having thus taken a hasty glance at the capital, let us start for those glorious steam-fountains which, were they transferred to British ground, would be sufficient to turn the head of the best English county. In Iceland you cannot hire a cab, coach, cart, or other vehicle, for the simple reason that there are none to be had. Nor can you travel on foot, for that would be considered almost as foolish as to proceed on all fours. Your plan is to purchase horses—some for yourself, some for the guides, and others for the baggage. There being no Golden Lions or Royal Hotels in the country, it is advisable to carry a tent, and to look after the commissariat as narrowly as if you were about to traverse the Great Desert. Milk may be procured; but as you may have to



proceed fifteen or twenty miles without seeing a cottage, the best policy is to victual the expedition at the outset, though it involves you in the expense of a complete caravan. The difficulties of travel, indeed, are great. The country is such, that neither General Wade nor Mr. Macadam could have tamed its rugged paths into easy turnpike. In some places the road is like the bed of a Highland watercourse, in others your route might as well run through a stone quarry. Too frequently, the traveller picks his way over a sheet of lava, stretching for miles, unrelieved by trees or vegetables, except a few sickly bushes, which have found a nest in some hollow where the wind has deposited a handful of soil. He finds that this lava is broken up into sharp blocks, or gashed with fissures which are so teasing that constant attention is required to prevent accidents. Or he may have to cross swamps and marshes, where the yielding nature of the ground is scarcely less trying to the temper; and if encumbered with much baggage, the beasts of burden need constant supervision as well as their apathetic guides.

Approaching Thingvalla, on his way to the Geysers, the visitor is startled by arriving at the edge of a precipice. A deep but narrow chasm, extending to a distance of more than a mile, suddenly yawns before him, as if the ground had been torn open by an earthquake. No warning is given him of its vicinity until he finds himself standing and shuddering upon the verge of the abyss. This is the famous ravine of *Almannagjá*, which is justly considered to be one of the most remarkable spots in Iceland. Its depth is about one hundred and eighty feet, its width may be the same in some parts, but in others it diminishes to a few fathoms. How to cross it is the question for the traveller. Told he must descend to the bottom, and, somehow or other, contrive to reach the opposing bank, he shakes his head, and thinks it a feat for a goat but not for a man. There is no help for it, however. Dismount, and you will find a sort of natural staircase, which conducts you giddily to the bed of the rift.

"Colossal blocks of stone, threatening the unhappy wanderer with death and destruction, hang loosely, in the form of pyramids and of broken columns, from the lofty walls of lava which encircle the whole long

ravine in the form of a gallery. Speechless, and in anxious suspense, we descend a part of this chasm, hardly daring to look up, much less to give utterance to a single sound, lest the vibration should bring down one of these avalanches of stone, to the terrific force of which the rocky fragments scattered around bear ample testimony. The distinctness with which echo repeats the softest sound and the lightest footfall, is truly wonderful. The appearance presented by the horses, which are allowed to come down the ravine after their masters have descended, is most peculiar. One could fancy they were clinging to the wall of rock."

Not far from the village of Thingvalla, the vale of which is unrivalled in Iceland for its beauty, lies the most sacred spot in the whole country. This is the plain where the *Althing*, or General Parliament, held its annual sittings for nearly nine centuries. Here national affairs were discussed, public justice was administered, strangers met from all parts of the island, friendships were formed, marriages were contracted, quarrels were settled or originated, females convicted of child-murder were drowned in a neighboring pool, and culprits sentenced to be decapitated lost their heads on a little isle in the midst of the river. But in 1800 the *Althing* was abolished, or rather transferred to Reykjavik, and now this venerated seat of law consists of "a mere farm, and contains two huts and a very small church."

Two or three days are occupied in your jaunt to the Geysers. The scenery is singularly diversified, for there are charming meadows, and pleasant shrubberies, and beautiful lakes on the route, as well as frightful fissures and rugged tracts of lava.

At last, turning the flank of a mountain, you observe big clouds of steam curling into the air at a distance of about three miles; and if your pulse breaks into a transient gallop, how can you help it when told that you are now within sight of one of the greatest wonders of the world? Scampering across bog and stream, you arrive at the foot of a hill about three hundred feet in height, and find yourself amongst a colony of boiling springs and vapor fountains. Upwards of one hundred of these are collected within a space of little more than fifty acres. There is no difficulty in recognizing the chieftain of the group. Upon a mound

seven feet in height there rests a basin which at first appears to be tolerably circular, its diameter being fifty-six feet in one direction and forty-six in another. The interior, from three to four feet in depth, is smooth and polished, and at the moment of your approach may be partially filled with water in a highly heated condition. Through the clear crystalline fluid a funnel in the centre of this gigantic saucer may be perceived. Its breadth at the top has been variously estimated at from eight to sixteen feet, but as it descends it narrows its bore, and when sounded—your time for this ticklish operation being just after an explosion—the pipe may be traced to a depth of sixty-three feet.

It may be necessary, however, to wait some time before the Gusher or Rager—that is the meaning of the word Geyser—will do you the honor to play. His movements are very fitful, and twenty or thirty hours frequently pass, nay as many as three days have been known to expire, without any hearty and emphatic eruption. Upon the curious traveller this interval of suspense has quite an exciting effect. When Sir George Mackenzie lay down for the night he could not sleep for more than a minute or two at a time, his anxiety compelling him to raise his head repeatedly to listen, and when the joyful notice was given, up he started with a shout, and bounded across the space which separated him from the Geyser. And what a spectacle it is when the explosion *does* commence! With a roar and a rush which are deafening—the earth trembling beneath you as if it were about to open and give birth to some strange monster—the boiling water is driven aloft in a huge column, which breaks into different ramifications, and then drooping as its impetus is lost, each separate jet falls back in graceful curves to the ground. At the lower part the ascending stream may appear to some eyes to be blue or green, but at the summit it is torn into the finest, snowiest spray. Volumes of steam accompany the discharge, and roll away in great clouds, which add to the sombreness and majesty of the scene. After raging thus grandly for a few minutes, the Geyser relaxes his fury, and then ceases to eject either water or vapor. The fluid in the basin rushes down the well in the centre, and slowly but surely this

magnificent hydraulic machine begins to prepare for another eruption. Very different heights have been assigned to the jets. Olafson and Paulson, for example, estimated them at three hundred and sixty feet. Lieutenant Ohlsen took the measure of one by the quadrant, and found it two hundred and twelve feet; whilst Henderson saw some which he computed at one hundred and fifty feet; but other travellers have cut them down to one hundred feet at the utmost, and Forbes averages them at seventy or eighty.

So much for the Great Geyser. About one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty yards to the south you will meet with, and might very possibly walk into, another of the principal fountains. This is the famous Strokr, or Churn, as that native name implies. Unlike the former, it has neither mound nor basin, and might easily be mistaken for an ordinary well, were it not for the furious bubbling of the water in its shaft. This shaft is about six feet in diameter, according to Forbes, with a depth of about forty-eight feet; but it is very irregular in its bore, and contracts considerably: it is also bent in its course, and therefore, as Mr. Miles suggests, resembles the Irishman's gun, which had the faculty of "shooting round a corner." The ejections of the Churn are more numerous than those of the Rager, occurring at least once or twice a day, and though its jets are less voluminous, they last for a longer period, and radiate in a still more tasteful manner.

Now Strokr possesses one interesting property. He can be made to discharge almost at pleasure; and not only so, but you may force him to extra activity, and extort an eruption of a much fiercer character than is his natural practice. The way to accomplish this is very simple. Collect a quantity of stones or sods, and shovel them into the pipe of the Geyser. Down they go, splashing into the fluid, which instantly ceases to boil, as if Strokr were astonished at your impudence. And well he may, for stones and sods are things he abominates to such a degree that, collecting all his strength, he soon vomits them forth, and hurries them aloft in a pillar of water, which sometimes appears to reach to twice the ordinary elevation. Henderson, who stumbled upon this discovery, states that some of the jets rose

to a height of two hundred feet, and that fragments of stone were propelled to a still greater altitude, the column of water being succeeded by a column of steam, which lasted for nearly an hour. This experimentalist narrowly escaped punishment for his temerity; for, whilst examining the pipe, the insulted Spouter, boiling with rage, shot up into the air a hissing torrent, which swept within an inch or two of his tormentor's face. Need we be surprised if prankish visitors can hardly resist the temptation to tease the Geyser? Spite of the grandeur of the spectacle, you feel a strong propensity to laugh at the idea of rousing Strokr, and throwing him into a profound passion. Mr. Miles literally "made game" of the spring, and when the exasperated phenomenon sought to relieve himself, was quite delighted to see his waters—stained and blackened with the clods—rising wrathfully to a height of one hundred and thirty feet. Commander Forbes subjected poor Strokr to a still greater indignity, for he compelled the Geyser to cook his dinner. Having invited the neighboring curé and farmer to a meal, he packed up a piece of mutton in the body of a flannel shirt, and a ptarmigan in each sleeve, and then flung the garment into the Churn, which was previously primed with a quantity of turf. For some time Strokr took the transaction in such high dudgeon that he refused to eject; but finding that preparations were making for another dose of suds, he launched his waters into the air with unwonted fury, and the traveller soon beheld his shirt flying upwards, "with the arms extended like a head and tailless trunk." On its descent to the ground it proved to be in such a scalding state that it was necessary to wait a quarter of an hour before dinner could be served, and then it appeared that though the mutton was done to a nicety, the birds were torn to shreds. The Churn, in fact, was a sort of Papin's digester, where the very twigs of turf received such a soaking of caloric that they came out in a sodden condition. A drunken man once fell into the spring—so the legend runs—and after seething for a short time, was thrown up in a spray of human fragments.

Still further to the south—about one hundred and six yards from the Strokr—you arrive at the Little Geyser. It has a shallow basin like its big brother, but its pipe,

thirty-eight feet in depth, is any thing but uniform in its shape. In the days of Mackenzie this fountain was not accustomed to cast up its contents to a greater altitude than four or five feet, but it made amends for its poverty of flight by spouting for an hour without intermission. When visited by Henderson the little fellow had raised his leaps to ten or twenty feet, and went through his gymnastics about twelve times in the course of the day. Mr. Miles (in 1852) found that he had shortened the intervals between his performances, and was then in the habit of exhibiting every half-hour, though the spectacle was limited to five minutes at a time, and the column did not exceed eight or ten feet in height.

These are the principal springs at Haukadal, but the ground is pierced in all directions, and puffs of steam, jets of water, and pools of seething fluid tell the visitor that he is standing on a great caldron, the crust of which might be torn to fragments in a moment, were the riotous vapors denied the means of escape. He feels that hundreds of safety-valves are at work around him, and naturally wonders whether Iceland would not burst like a boiler if these should happen to be clogged or destroyed.

The larger fountains generally give notice of their intention to play. This is only reasonable, for otherwise a curious traveller, venturing too near the basin, might be drenched with scalding water by a sudden eruption; or, worse still, whilst peering down a tube, might receive the jet in his face, and recoil parboiled at a blow. The New Geyser, however, declines to give any intimation of his movements, and therefore, as Sir George Mackenzie remarks, it is necessary to deal cautiously with him, unless assured from a recent outbreak that his hour is not yet come. The notice served upon the public, in cases where due warning is given, consists of a series of detonations, which break on the ear like the report of distant artillery. The Head Geyser makes the ground quiver under your feet, as if an infant earthquake were gambolling below. Gun after gun is thus fired at varying intervals, as much as to say that a grand performance is just about to commence, and then the water begins to bubble in the pipe or to heave in the basin. Very frequently, however, the visitor, who rushes up, panting

and agitated, on hearing the subterranean signals, is doomed to disappointment, for, after rising a few feet in a column, the liquid retires into the well, and leaves the spectator to ascertain (if the point is not already settled) whether patience is one of the virtues he really enjoys.

In the other respects, too, as well as in the hours of display, these thermal fountains are somewhat capricious in their proceedings. The quantity of water ejected, the height to which it is propelled, the mode of evacuation adopted, differ according to circumstances which cannot be accurately explained. The Geysers, in fact, are rather whimsy phenomena. Gradual changes must necessarily ensue from the violent wear and tear to which they are exposed, as well as from the deposit of siliceous matter, and since earthquakes are incidents of common occurrence in Iceland, it is natural to suppose that their underground mechanism will frequently be disordered. Prior to 1789, there existed a lively rattling fountain, known as the Roaring Geyser, which flung out its contents every four or five minutes with unspeakable fury; but several shocks being experienced in that year, the Roarer was disabled, and in course of time subsided into a mild, tranquil pool, from which no noisy jet ever presumes to ascend. Sometimes, too, a concussion will open out new vents, as was the case in 1785, when thirty-five fresh springs were established at Haukadal, and the three leading performers began to play with augmented energy.

But how shall we account for the action of these intermittent fountains? Formerly it was supposed that steam was produced in certain subterranean cavities, and that it accumulated there until it became sufficiently powerful to expel all the liquid in the tube, and in the reservoir with which it was connected. But this theory, which might have suited a Geyser of regular habits, and with a certain amount of suavity in its manners, would not account for the spasmodic proceedings so frequently observed in the tribe. The underground boilers were therefore abandoned. Professor Bunsen in Germany, and Professor Tyndall in England, have advocated a more probable solution. Under ordinary circumstances, water flies off in steam at  $212^{\circ}$  F., because its elastic force is

then sufficient to overcome the weight of the atmosphere. But let the pressure upon it be increased, and its passage into the gaseous state is proportionately resisted—in fact, if a quantity of liquid were enclosed in a vessel of adequate strength, it might be heated, under compulsion of its own steam, until it became red-hot. The moment, however, that the fluid is freed from this pressure, it will burst into vapor, and as steam occupies seventeen hundred times the space required by water, it will explode with a degree of violence exactly corresponding to the unnatural constraint it has endured—the same law prevailing in mechanics or pneumatics which obtains in morals and politics. Now, remembering that a Geyser is furnished with a long shaft which gradually fills with water, and that the pressure on the fluid at the bottom of this tube must therefore become very considerable, we have only to suppose that a large amount of heat is brought to bear upon the lower portion of the pipe, when the following consequences may be expected to ensue. A quantity of liquid will receive a much higher charge of caloric than it ought to carry. Some of this liquid, rising in the shaft, must flash into steam when it reaches a point where the pressure is sufficiently relaxed, and hence the excitement in the basin, and the abortive eruptions which so frequently tantalize the traveller. But when, in consequence of the increase of the temperature—the tube being now full—the fluid below can no longer restrain its gaseous propensities, it explodes violently, and drives the superincumbent water before it with resistless impetuosity. And as the declining pressure releases more liquid from its bondage, jet after jet is produced until the apparatus is emptied for the time, or until the falling floods are so cooled in their rush through the air that they check the further development of vapor for the time. The Geyser, in fact, is a species of steam-cannon, which fires round after round of liquid missiles, just as Mr. Perkins' steam-gun did leaden pellets. "Der Geyser [says Cotta] gleicht dann also einer grossen Dampf-Kanone welche statt mit Kugeln mit Wasser schießt." Professor Müller, of Freiburg, contrived a little instrument which may serve as an artificial "Rager." Procure a metallic tube at least

six feet in height, and surround it at the foot, and again at some little distance up the shaft, with wire cages capable of holding burning charcoal. The lowest cage should be the largest. Then fill the tube with water, light your fires, and in due time you will have a pretty little eruption from your miniature "Gusher." A basin attached to the top of the instrument to receive the liquid and return it to the pipe, will ensure a succession of discharges, and save you the trouble of a voyage to Iceland. So a cork lightly fastened into the mouth of the tube, and afterwards blown out by the steam, will qualify you to talk of Strokur as if you had dosed him with sods and stones in person.

All modern accounts seem to agree that the reputation of these fountains has not been overrated. Travellers of every temperament are astonished at the giant gambols of the Geysers,\* and some resign themselves at once to literary despair, as if conscious that no language, however vivid, could adequately represent the magnificence of the scene. Even Mr. Pliny Miles declares that the first view of the Great Gusher excited him so much, although then in a quiescent state, that he shall never forget its appearance "whilst memory holds her seat," and that when in action, the spectacle was such as no words can describe, adding, that it even surpassed the Falls of Niagara in grandeur. But, alas! speedily relapsing into the dollar state of mind which is so characteristic of some Americans, he begins to speculate upon the uses to which all this native steam-power might be put, and wishes that Barnum "could collect the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, the Niagara Falls, the Natural Bridge of Virginia, Fingal's Cave, and the Icelandic fountains within one fence," and "fury! what a show-shop he would open!"

Upon one race of people, however, the Geysers make but little impression. These are the natives themselves. Few of the inhabitants ever visit the spot, and those

\* At the British Association (1855) Dr. Stevenson Macadam proposed to explain the operations of a Geyser on the principle that liquids, on encountering a highly heated surface, assume a spheroidal form, and afterwards blow up when the temperature reaches a certain level. But his theory required a double cavity in the ground, and a more complicated machinery than Bunsen's, which is at once simple and competent.

who live in the vicinity treat them with a *nonchalance* which is quite disgusting. Reversing the well-known Millerism, the miserable creatures refuse to exhibit any feeling because they *do* belong to the parish of the phenomenon. The Great Geyser is no hero to his Icelanders. He has not even a staff of showmen, a troop of parasites, to fatten upon his glories. It is singular, too, that all the early annalists of the island are silent on the subject, though the first historian of the north, Ari Frodi, was educated almost within reach of their spray (1075). The most ancient notice of them is supposed to be that of Saxo-Grammaticus in his *History of Denmark*; but this is a mere curt recognition of their existence, such as an English topographer might vouchsafe to the hot springs at Bath, or the dropping well at Knaresborough. Great alterations will, of course, have occurred in the course of centuries; but as in Iceland the "pot" is always "kept boiling," spouting springs in different localities must have long been amongst the prominent marvels of the region.

In other parts of the island as well as Haukadal, boiling springs abound. In the valley of Reykum, or Reykir, about forty or fifty miles from the metropolis of the Geyser system,—*vallis fontibus fereidis abundans*—upwards of a hundred may easily be counted within a circumference of a mile and a half. Some of these are, of course, mere Lilliputian pools, but many are caldrons of considerable bulk, from which the traveller may at any moment receive a scalding shower-bath, the water being occasionally spirted up without the least notice of coming hostilities. One of the head fountains in this region, the Little Geyser, was accustomed to erupt nearly every minute in Sir John Stanley's time; but having grown weary of this feverish work, it now contents itself with a blow-up every three hours, or, according to Madame Pfeiffer, only twice or thrice in the day. Another, the Badstofa, plays every five or six minutes, the jets lasting for about a minute; but as they issue from beneath a shelving rock, they assume an oblique direction, like an arched fan, and produce a magnificent effect.

Again,—Iceland has its springs of mud as well as of water. The fluid which darts from the Geysers is generally limpid, and



has frequently excited astonishment from the fact that it contains a large quantity of silica in solution. How such a refractory substance as flint could be dissolved, and then precipitated on the simple cooling of the liquid, was considered a kind of chemical puzzle. It is, however, well ascertained from the experiments of Dr. Fuchs, M. Kuhlman, and Mr. Ransome, on the production of water-glass, that if silica is fused with potash or soda, under certain circumstances, it will readily dissolve in boiling water, or if flint be exposed to the action of a strong solution of either alkali in a boiler, under high pressure, it foregoes its right to be regarded as the emblem of obduracy.

From Dr. Black's analysis of the water of the Great Geyser,\* it will be seen that silica is the largest mineral ingredient, and that soda exists in abundance both in a free and a wedded condition. When, however, the fluid cools, the flinty matter is deposited in the basins and channels, where it forms incrustations which are generally compared to cauliflower-heads of exquisite beauty. Not only stones but twigs, grass, mosses, and other delicate objects receive such a coating that they appear to have been perfectly fossilized.

In some cases the fluid of these wells is still more singularly charged. What does the reader say to springs of soda-water? Such there are in various parts of the island, but one of the most celebrated is at a spot about two miles to the north of Roudemelr. The liquid there occupies two cavities in the ground, and is kept in a state of constant excitement by the bubbles of carbonic acid which are always ascending. Frisky and pungent, it is tolerably agreeable, and from the stimulant powers of the gas, the place is known as the Ol Kilda, or the Ale Well. How many a thirsty Englishman would be delighted to have a spring of this description, or, still better, a genuine well of Bass or Allsopp on his own premises!

Frequently, however, as already stated, mud is the only liquor in which a spring will deal. And some of these mud springs profess to a little business as Geysers. Very clumsily and uncouthly, without doubt; for how can we expect a thick pasty fluid to

shoot aloft in graceful columns, or to fall in light, elegant spray? Near the sulphur banks of Krisuvik, for example, there is a pretentious spring of this description, which Mr. Miles describes as "an enormous kettle, ten feet across, sunk down into the earth, and filled within six feet of the top with hot boiling liquid. There it kept boiling and spouting, jets rising from its pudding-like surface ten and fifteen feet, and is kept constantly going." It was into a vile caldron like this that a horse once fell, and was never seen or heard of again. Still more striking are the mud springs in the neighborhood of Mount Krabla, in the north-eastern corner of the island. Dr. Henderson suddenly came upon the brink of a precipice, where he perceived below him a row of large caldrons, twelve in number, which were splashing, fuming, and thundering in such a hideous manner that he stood for a quarter of an hour as if petrified. The boldest strokes of fiction, the strongest flights of imagination, could not, in his opinion, describe half the horrors of that fearful spot.

There are places, too, where pure steam is emitted instead of water or mud. Amongst other curiosities of this kind, near Krisuvik a torrent of vapor, twenty feet in length, gushes out of the rock in a slanting direction, with a roar which may be compared to that of some monster locomotive when retiring from the toils of the day. Seen by Mr. Miles in 1852, and collated with the description given by Sir G. Mackenzie in 1810, this jet did not appear to have changed its physiognomy in the least, though for two-and-forty years it had probably been playing without intermission. At Hveravellir (famous for its thermal springs) there is a circular mound about four feet in height, from which a current of steam "escapes with a noise louder than that of the most tremendous cataract," and with a force so great that stones thrown into the aperture are shot out to a considerable height, as if fired from a mortar. The natives call it with justice the Roaring Mount.

Scarcely less striking than the boiling springs are the sulphur mines of Iceland. There are places where you seem to have literally strayed into a region of fire and brimstone. The most celebrated of these spots is a mountain about two or three miles

\* He found that a gallon contained 31.58 grains of silica, 5.56 of soda, 14.42 of muriate of soda, 8.57 of sulphate of soda, and 2.80 of alumina.

from Krisuvik. The ascent has its own troubles. Toiling up a slippery bank of clay and sulphur, almost stifled by the exhalations which the wind probably sweeps full in your face, you arrive at a great hollow, where the banks are covered with a fine yellow crust or powder. The ground is pierced with holes through which steam and smoke are constantly ascending. To walk over this treacherous surface is a task of considerable peril, for if the coating gives way, the traveller's feet may sink deep into the hot clay or scalding mud. Mr. Bright suffered much pain from an accident of this description, and Dr. Hooker plunged up to his knees in a half-liquid mass of sulphur and clay, and was only saved from further immersion by throwing himself upon the ground, and stretching out his arms over firmer soil. In the basin of this valley lies the great caldron already mentioned, which is filled with blue mud always on the boil, and always emitting a thick, noisome vapor. Hot springs and steam jets abound in the mountain. The place, indeed, is prolific in horrors. "What between the roaring of this caldron," says Commander Forbes, though not in the choicest language, "the hissing of the steam jets, the stink of the sulphur, the clouds of vapor, the luridness of the atmosphere, the wildness of the glen, and the heat of the soil increasing tangibly at every inch, I could not help occasionally glancing around to assure myself that his satanic majesty was not present, and nestled up to my companions to be ready in case of any such emergency as 'Pull devil, pull governor,' arising."

Extending over a space of twenty-five miles in length (to say nothing of the soufrières and solfaterras at Namufiall, Mount Krabla, and in other northern parts of the country), it will be seen that Iceland possesses in this region one treasure of very salable importance. Living as we do in a world where a mixture of saltpetre, charcoal, and brimstone is the grand specific for all political diseases (coupled with copious bleeding), sulphur must of course take high rank amongst the necessities of human existence. Talk of dispensing with it altogether? Certainly not! How could we carry on the business of the globe for a single year without the help of Schwartz's potent and per-

suasive compound? Surely, then, there is no probability that our stock of these ingredients will ever run out? Many a good Briton, moved by patriotism and fine grandfatherly feeling, becomes quite uneasy when he asks himself whether our coal may not possibly be exhausted in the course of a few generations, and whether the day may not arrive in which no steam-engine can be kept in fuel except at a ruinous price. But imagine the horror of a man like the first Napoleon, or of any other owner of a fire-eating army, were he told that, in a few years, the supply of nitre or brimstone might wholly cease. What groans that individual would utter!—what wailing there would be amongst his troops! Would not the poor planet, in their opinion, become quite bankrupt in glory? With our rifles all unloaded, and our cannon virtually spiked, should we have any more history worth narrating? It is difficult to believe. But let no hero despair. The military mind would make itself quite comfortable on this point could it survey the vast deposits at Krisuvik, and observe how the precious exhalations stream from the ground, as if there were a boundless magazine beneath. There is enough brimstone at this spot alone to fight fifty thousand battles. Such, indeed, are the sulphurous resources of Iceland, that it could supply all the armies of Europe, and enable them to take every town in the world if they liked.

Now, considering the commercial value of this mineral, it is surprising that the mines have been so languidly worked. The difficulty of transport, and the want of enterprise on the part of the natives, may, indeed, explain *their* indifference; but the Danes, who know more of the merits of gunpowder, might have been expected to turn the substance to lucrative account. A French traveller, M. Robert, not long ago called the attention of his countrymen to the subject, and hinted that it would be well to keep these valuable localities out of the hands of the British, lest they should furnish us with one of the great munitions of war—"Aussi doit il bien se garder de jamais accorder aux Anglais, qui l'ont sollicitée, la faculté d'exploiter ces soufrières." But, alas for poor M. Robert, Commander Forbes informs us that an Englishman, Mr. Busbby,

has already purchased the sulphurous sublimations of the southern district, and obtained the refusal of those in the north.

But, in speaking of Iceland, it is necessary to speak of Hekla. This mountain is the Hamlet of the island, and must, on no account, be omitted from any survey of its physical phenomena. On the ground of stature it can make no great pretensions, as it is only about 5,700 feet in height; and, in regard to personal appearance, travellers sometimes feel unable to conceal their vexation at its want of majesty. But its northern position, its volcanic vivacity, and the peculiarity of its eruptions, have combined to bring it into sinister repute. Planted at a distance of about thirty miles from the southern coast, it forms a hill twenty miles in circumference at the base, and is crowned with three blackened peaks, which are sometimes spotted, sometimes covered with snow.

To reach these is a task of difficulty. From Næfreholt, the Chamouni of the mountain, to the summit, is about seven miles, of which nearly four may be performed on pony-back. At first, you canter very pleasantly through green patches of pasture; then, threading a narrow gorge, you enter a great, silent, secluded amphitheatre, which forms, according to tradition, a gateway to the regions of perdition; for it is beneath this volcano that Hela (Death) torments the spirits of the lost; and here, time after time (if the peasantry may be believed), she has been seen driving the souls of the dead, particularly after some bloody battle has been fought. Next, passing over a long slope of volcanic sand, you dismount from the ponies, which the Icelanders tie head to tail, so as to form a living circle, and then address yourself to the real hardships of the ascent. Sometimes scrambling over the hard, sharp lava, which cuts the hands or knees like a knife; sometimes trudging, ankle deep, through the fine black sand and loose ashes: sometimes struggling over the slag, which slips from beneath the foot at every step, you reach the crater, which was scooped out of the mountain during the eruptions of 1845-6. As seen by Mr. Miles, its aspect was worthy of the grim goddess who is reputed to haunt the volcano:—

“What a terrible chasm! Indeed, it seemed like hell itself,—fire and brimstone

literally,—dark, curling smoke, yellow sulphur, and red cinders appearing on every side of it. The crater was funnel-shaped, about one hundred and fifty feet deep, and about the same distance across at the top. This was one of four craters where the fire burst out in 1845. After the eruption they had caved in, and remained as we now saw them. In a row above this one, extending towards the top of the mountain, were three other craters, all similar in appearance. Our progress now was one of great danger. At our left was the north side of the mountain; and for a long distance it was a perpendicular wall, dropping off more than a thousand feet below us. A large stone thrown over never sent back an echo. The craters were on our right, and between these and the precipice on our left we threaded a narrow ridge of sand not wider than a common foot-path. A more awful scene, or a more dangerous place, I hope never to be in. Had it not been for my long staff, I never could have proceeded. The dangers and terrors of the scene were greatly increased by the clouds and cold wind that came up on our left, and the smoke and sulphurous stench that rose from the craters on our right. One moment we were in danger of falling over the perpendicular side of the mountain on the one hand, and the next of being swallowed up in the burning crater on the other. Our path was exceedingly steep, and for nearly a quarter of a mile we pursued it with slow and cautious steps. Old Nero saw the danger, and set up a dismal howl. A few moments after he slipped, and was near falling into the fiery pit. In five minutes an animal or a man would have been baked to a cinder. Pursuing our way by the four craters, our path widened, and half an hour more brought us to the top of the mountain. Our purpose was accomplished—we stood on the summit of Mount Hekla.”

The view from this elevation is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable on the face of the globe. Such a mixture of beauty and desolation is not, perhaps, to be witnessed from any other mountain-top. Painted before you, as in a colossal panorama, lie green valleys threaded by silvery streams—plains speckled with peaceful lakes—slopes covered with purple heather—snatches of dark-looking shrubbery which represent the forests of the land—to the south, the rippling ocean, from whose bosom the tall cliffs of the Westmann Isles rise perpendicularly to a height of two thousand feet; whilst to the north, the eye wanders over an expanse of volcanic cones, smoking craters, domes of

ice, fields of snow, hideous tracts of lava, streams of stones which once flowed like rivers—in fact, over a region so withered and shattered that it looks the picture of a “chaos in creation.” It is here, indeed, that the giants of frost and the spirits of fire seemed to have joined battle, and fought like the Berserkers of old, until exhausted by fury, they laid themselves down to rest for a season, their weapons still in hand, and wrath, inextinguishable wrath, yet raging in their hearts.

The eruptions of this volcano have been chronicled since 1004 (A.D.). Twenty-four black-letter years appear in its calendar. There have been intervals of seventy-four, seventy-six, and seventy-seven years between its paroxysms; but few Icelanders who attained the ordinary term of life could expect to do so without hearing more than once that the terrible mountain was in labor. In 1300 the annalists assert that Hekla was rent in its agony from top to bottom—yes, down to its very centre, they say; but the awful gash, now marked by a deep ravine, was partially healed by the collapse of the rock and the falling in of stony masses. During the convulsions of 1766, Sir Joseph Banks states that ashes were carried to a distance of one hundred and eighty miles, that the cattle in the neighborhood were either choked by the noisome vapors or starved for want of food, and that when the stomachs of some were opened, they were discovered to be full of volcanic dust.

Besides Hekla, however, there are many burning mountains in this island, and some of them have played a still more mischievous part. From Krabla a stream of molten rock was ejected between the years 1724 and 1730, and rushed into the lake Myvatn, where it killed the fish, dried up the waters, and continued to burn with a blue flame for several days. But there is no eruption so darkly renowned in Icelandic history as that of Skaptar Yökul in 1783. Skaptar is a mountain in the south-eastern quarter of the island, or rather, it is a part of a cluster of mountains which seem to lay their heads together to bear up a huge snowy field apparently inaccessible to human foot. From an account published by Chief-Justice Stephenson, who was sent by the Danish sovereign to hold an inquest, as it were, over the disaster (though his narrative has been

charged with some exaggeration), it appears that throughout the syssel, or county in which this Yökul is situate, the ground was seized with shivering-fits on the 1st of June, which increased in intensity from day to day, and seemed to forebode some hideous convulsion. On the 8th, pillars of smoke were seen to shoot up amongst the hills, and speedily formed a great black bank in the air, from which sand and ashes fell so profusely, that at Sida the light was quite obscured, and the ground in the neighborhood covered to the depth of an inch. Terrible were the subterranean noises which were then heard. The sounds were like the thunder of meeting cataracts. The inhabitants left their houses in affright, and pitched their tents in the open fields. On the 10th, jets of fire were observed amongst the peaks to the north, and then a torrent of glowing lava burst from the volcano. Rushing in a south-east direction, it approached the river Skaptar, and dashed into its bed. Imagine the conflict which ensued between the two streams! The struggle was fearful, but, hissing in his death-throes, the river god at last succumbed. In less than four-and-twenty hours that rapid torrent, swollen as it was, had ceased to exist. Its place was taken by the fiery invader. The lava not only rapidly filled the gorge through which the river ran, though in some places the banks were nearly six hundred feet high and two hundred wide, but flooded the adjoining lands, and at Aa swallowed up pastures and houses with merciless voracity. Sweeping along the channel of the stream with awful impetuosity, the molten matter issued from amongst the hills, and seemed as if it would deluge the whole plain of Medalland.

Fortunately, a great lake, or, as some say, an unfathomed chasm in the river, lay across its path. Into this it poured with a horrible noise for several days in succession; but when this reservoir was filled to the brim, the burning flood resumed its progress, and dividing into various currents, burned up a number of farms and woods as it ran its mad but magnificent race. Now and then it spread over certain ancient lava tracts, and penetrating every fissure and cavern, produced the strangest effects; sometimes driving out the air through the chinks with a horrible whistle, sometimes melting and firing the old deposits, and not

unfrequently blowing up the crust and hurling great masses of rock to a considerable height. Huge blocks of stone, torn from their site and heated till they became red-hot, were seen floating in the stream. The water which came down from the fountains of the Skaptar, and from the melting snows, was intercepted on reaching the lava, and, boiling, overflowed many pastures and woodlands which the molten deluge had spared. Besides the river, numerous brooks and streams were dammed up by the torrents of lava, and many farms and buildings were consequently submerged. At Skál the people had seen the fiery tide approach, and waited breathlessly to learn whether it would be necessary to flee. To their great relief it passed at a short distance; but on the 21st of June, the rivulets, which were distended by rain and denied their usual outlet, attacked the church and village, and next morning the steaming waters were surging with violence over the drowned hamlet. In its attempts to reach Skál the lava ascended the slope of the hill to some distance, rolling up its covering of moss as if it were a large piece of cloth folded by human hands. Numerous eruptions from the volcano between the 18th of June and the 13th of July fed the fire-streams with new material, and as the older effusions were now becoming stiffer and more consolidated, the fresher currents were seen rolling above them, until in some places the lava attained a thickness of six hundred feet. The Stapafoss waterfall on the Skaptar River was dried up; but the molten matter came down in its stead, and swept over the precipice in a splendid cataract of fire, filling up the enormous cavity at its base before it proceeded on its deadly way. At the commencement of August, the lava, which had now choked up the Skaptar River and swamped the neighboring grounds, struck off to the north-east, and poured into the Hversfiot—a stream almost equal in size and nearly parallel in course. Great was the consternation of the people who lived on its lower banks to see it begin to fume, to find it grow excessively hot, and then to observe it disappear altogether. What could they expect? They knew what had happened in the adjoining district, and gloomily awaited the appearance of the enemy. Down he came. Heralded by lightnings

and thunders, signalled by pillars of fire and smoke in the distance, he dashed furiously along the bed of the river, streaming over its banks, and then, having reached the open country, spread his glowing waves across the plain to the distance of four miles within the space of a single evening. Continuing to flow until the end of August, the invader licked up some farms, drove the inhabitants from others, and spread devastation wherever he appeared. For several years afterwards the vapor still arose from particular spots, as if the fury of the intruder were even then unsatiated. It was not until February, 1784, after ejecting a prodigious quantity of lava from its entrails, greater, perhaps, than ever issued from volcano before, that the mountain returned to its ordinary condition.

The effects of this calamity were terrible. The atmosphere was so filled with smoke, sulphur, and dust, that it was difficult for the healthy, and for asthmatic persons almost impossible, to breathe. The heavy rains which fell became charged with noxious materials, and incrustated the fields with an inky coating which poisoned the grass and polluted the streams. Vegetables of all kinds withered, and became so friable that they fell to powder with a touch. The mortality which ensued amongst the cattle of the island, not only in consequence of the scarcity of fodder and the fouling of the herbage, but also from the putrid state of the atmosphere, was prodigious. In the course of 1783 and 1784, it is calculated that 129,947 sheep, 19,488 horses, and 6,801 horned cattle fell victims to that terrible volcano. The fish in some of the freshwater lakes were destroyed, and cast up dead on the beach, whilst those at sea were driven from the coast. Certain birds, swans amongst the rest, were expelled from the country. To the inhabitants the results were equally disastrous. Many fearful distempers arose, and amongst these was one which produced swellings in the limbs and contractions in the sinews, so that the sufferers became crooked in person, the teeth grew loose, and the gums mortified; the throat was covered with ulcers, and sometimes the tongue rotted entirely out of the mouth. In this, or in other ways, not less than nine thousand persons are supposed to have been murdered by Skaptar Yökul.



But the mountains of the island sometimes pour out water as well as fire. Clothed as many of their summits are in snow and ice, vast glaciers occupying their ravines, it is evident that if the subterranean fires should grow unruly, the overlying masses will melt, and there will be a rush of water into the hapless plains beneath. The volcano of Kötlugia (to the south-east of Hekla) is famous for the floods it has discharged. On one occasion the deluge of water, bearing huge blocks of ice and stone on its foaming tide, swept away the houses of Höfðabreka, and carried the wooden church out to sea, where it was seen floating for some time before it fell to pieces. On another, all the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity except two were destroyed by a fearful inundation. The most appalling, however, of these eruptions occurred in 1755, the year of the great earthquake which overthrew Lisbon, shook a large portion of Europe, upset towns in Africa, and even propagated its throes to Asia and America. From the 17th of October to the 7th of November the Yökul was in a state of tremendous excitement, pouring forth streams of hot water, which hurried ice and rock before them into the ocean, where the deposit became so great that it extended to a distance of more than fifteen miles, and even rose above the waves in some places, though the sea was previously forty fathoms deep. Mixed with these vomits of water were vomits of fire. Red-hot globes were hurled to a great height, and then shattered into a thousand pieces. The air was occasionally so darkened with smoke and ashes that a man could not see his companion's face at the distance of a yard, whilst at other times it was so brilliantly illuminated by columns of flame that midnight appeared to be turned into midday. The ground frequently rocked, and the unearthly noises which proceeded from the Yökul appalled the stoutest hearts. Fifty farms were laid waste during these and the other eruptions which happened in the following year, and, to crown all, the mephitic gases diffused through the atmosphere brought on a frightful mortality which ought to have appeased the wrath of the mountain demon for centuries to come.

Occasionally, too, the Yökuls give rise to what may be called travelling fields of ice. These move slowly forward, encroaching in

many cases upon lands which were once cultivated, and even devouring a parish now and then, as if to emulate the appetite of the volcano. Sometimes they retrograde at certain periods, and afterwards advance. The Southern Skeidará is said to move backwards and forwards alternately for the distance of half a mile, and in 1727, during an eruption in the neighborhood, it was seen to oscillate, whilst numerous streams suddenly started from its base, and placed the spectators in great jeopardy. The Breidamark Yökul, however, affords the most remarkable sample of an itinerant field. Twenty miles long, by fifteen broad, with a maximum height of about four hundred feet, it covers what was once a fair and fertile plain. How was it formed? Not like the glaciers of a Swiss or a Norwegian scene, for there there are no burning mountains or scalding-hot springs to produce great floods of melted snow and carry down big lumps of ice. But in Iceland this does happen, and it will be seen that the blocks which are thus discharged into the valley will accumulate, whilst further accessions from the same source will gradually add to the extent of the sheet, and then the slope of the ground, the constant pressure *à tergo*, the lubricating of the soil by the snow streams, combined with other causes, will probably explain why the mass glides so regularly, with its stealthy ghost-like step, towards the sea.

But as our space is diminishing faster than the soil over which that icy wanderer is creeping, we must now be content to note a few more points of interest connected with the island in mere descriptive shorthand. Iceland has its Surtshellir caverns, extending for upwards of a mile underground, with chambers where beautiful stalactites, formed by the once fluid lava, or still supererogatory icicles formed by the dripping water, hang from the roofs in the most "curious and fantastic shapes;" and from this cavern, which few natives will dare to enter, the people believe that Surtur, the enemy of the gods, will one day issue to set the universe on fire. Iceland, too, has its huge lava bubbles, which were produced in the material whilst plastic by the expansion of the gases, and now constitute caves—some fifty or one hundred feet in diameter—where frozen and vitrified pendants adorn the domes as they do in the Halls of Surtur. It has horrible

passes also, like that of Bulaudshöfði, where the track runs along the face of a nearly perpendicular mountain one thousand feet above the sea which is roaring at its base, and the traveller seems to cling like a fly to the side of the cliff; or again, as at Ennit, he must creep along at the bottom of a frightful rock two thousand five hundred feet in height, but only at low water, and with the chance of being crushed in a moment by the fall of great stones from the side of the precipice, numbers of natives having already been killed in the perilous passage. Iceland, again, is peculiarly a land of earthquakes, and during the paroxysms mountains have been cleft to their foundations, boiling springs have spouted from the soil, the wells have become white as milk, men and cattle have been tossed into the air, the darkness has become so great that all travelling was impracticable, the quiverings of the ground grew so incessant that service in the churches was suspended for weeks together, and in 1784 not less than one thousand four hundred and fifty-nine houses were overturned, whilst five hundred and thirty more were greatly damaged. The inhabitants, too, are seized upon by various forms of disease. Owing to their fishy food, scanty supply of vegetables, want of cleanliness, and many local disadvantages, they suffer severely if any epidemic should be abroad.

In the year 1767, sixteen thousand individuals, more than one-quarter of the whole population, perished from the small-pox. In 1797, six hundred persons were sent to the grave by that infantile complaint, the measles. The natives are peculiarly liable to the itch, and keep up a terrible scratching, though there is sulphur enough in the island to cure the whole human race, if it were thus vilely afflicted. But the most horrible of their distempers is the Icelandic leprosy, which converts the sufferer, with his seamed countenance, scaly skin, ulcerated body, fetid breath, and haggard looks, into a living corpse, too loathsome for his fellow-creatures to approach, and almost too burdensome for himself to bear. The climate of the country is not so harsh as its latitude might imply, though the summer is short, and during the long winter a native rarely travels further than his parish church. For eight months Dr. Henderson never ventured

more than a quarter of a mile out of the capital, except on one occasion, when he paid a visit to a neighboring seat. Fortunately, the rigors of an arctic position are moderated by the beneficent Gulf Stream, which breaks upon the island, and, dividing into two branches, leaves it a grateful legacy of warmth. It is in a northern locality especially that we can best appreciate the generousity of that noble ocean-river; for, as the polar currents bring down such a quantity of ice (with a few bears occasionally for passengers) that it has been known to form a belt thirty miles in breadth, and the whole space between Iceland and Greenland has even been filled with frozen masses; so, but for that stream of heated water, the atmosphere of the country would be sadly lowered in tone, and the sea would be so cooled that the fisheries, on which the natives depend for subsistence, might be destroyed. Nor is this great current less remarkable for the driftwood which it kindly conveys from other quarters and deposits on the Icelandic shores. Without it the inhabitants would be sorely distressed for fuel. Coal like ours they have none themselves. Beds of Surturbrand exist, but these have probably been formed of drifted timber. Forests in this country are such ridiculous affairs, that it is difficult to contemplate one with a serious countenance. The trees may be about four or five feet in height. Some may reach six; Mackenzie mentions a few which ranged from six to ten; but where will you find many which can overtop a very tall man? A traveller feels quite merry when he discovers that he can crash through, stride over, or even trample an extensive wood underfoot, as if he were a Gulliver in a cornfield, or an elephant in a shrubbery. A boy who has often smarted under the rod would feel perfectly enchanted when he saw that the troubler of his soul—the tree from which the disciplinary twigs are always gathered—was here stripped of its strength, deprived of its pungency, and tamed down from a goodly piece of timber to a poor dwarf of a vegetable. It is the absence of wood, indeed, which gives a particularly naked look to the country, as if it were all shaven and shorn, and consequently, in the highest degree forlorn. Iceland, further, is a land whose interior is so little explored that the people believe its deserts and glacier regions

are occupied by a race of outlaws; and though no traces of these *Utilegu-menn* have been discovered, yet their existence is assumed from the fact that multitudes of sheep vanish from the high pasture grounds, coupled with the circumstance that sometimes wanderers who have ventured too far into the bowels of the country have never returned.

"Truly a wretched island!" many of us cosily situated Englishmen may be disposed to exclaim. It is a place where no corn is regularly produced, and in Madame Pfeiffer's time, only one bakehouse existed in the country. The natives live chiefly on cod, and their principal beverage is milk; so that, should the fisheries prove bad, or the hay season unfavorable, a famine is almost certain to ensue. Unable to raise sufficient supplies, even for the scanty population, a war which should cripple their commerce for a few months, or simply cut off their imports of fishing-hooks, would reduce them to a state of lamentable destitution. There, if a peasant is ill, and needs a medical man, he may have to seek him at a distance of fifty, eighty, or one hundred miles; and in winter it may be requisite to open a road, and pioneer for the doctor with shovels and pick-axes. If a man wishes to attend divine worship, he may have to ride many miles to a church, twenty or thirty feet in length, which is used as a lumber-house by the incumbent, and as an hotel by travellers, the latter spreading their beds on the floor, and sometimes taking their meals from the altar; and when service is performed, it will be by a well-educated clergyman, who considers himself passing rich on ten to two hundred florins a year, and who shoes horses or makes hay, whilst his lady milks cows and tends sheep.

But the Icelander will tell us that his country has some splendid negative advantages at the least. It has no forts, no soldiery, no policemen (worth mentioning), no custom-house officers, no income-tax gatherers, and happily for its peace (so the general public may say), no professional lawyers! Neither has it had a single executioner for some time past, for it is remarkable that no native could be found to undertake this odious duty; and consequently, it has been necessary to export malefactors to the mainland, in order that

they might be despatched. He will tell us also,—such is the strong attachment which man naturally conceives for his native spot, however uncouth and ungenial—that, though his country is blistered with lava and blanched with snow, though its hills may be without verdure, and its valleys without corn, though its atmosphere reeks with sulphur, and its streams may flow from boiling fountains, though he walks on a nest of earthquakes and sleeps amongst a host of angry volcanoes, and though, to all appearance, his little island might at any moment be blown up into the air, or let down into the sea; yet, after all, in his opinion, Iceland is the very "best spot on which the sun shines."

"Still, even here, content can spread a charm,  
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.

Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts  
though small,

He sees his little lot, the lot of all;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loathe his poor and scanty meal;

But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil."

Just one point more. At the present moment Iceland possesses an additional feature of interest—one which may possibly render it of great service to the New World as well as the Old. The difficulties of laying an electric cable across the Atlantic, and of working it with the requisite vigor when laid, have made it expedient to break the length of the journey by establishing several intermediate posts. By fixing upon three stepping-stones, as it were, the ocean may certainly be overleaped by the galvanic fluid without much sense of resistance. Of these Iceland must be one. We conclude by giving Commander Forbes' opinion on the subject, at the same time expressing our obligations to him for his lively and interesting work. It is sketchy in character, and scarcely fulfils the expectations which its title and appearance excite. Nor is the language at all eminent for its polish; but taking it as a sailor's narrative, purposely written with a free-and-easy pen, the reader will find much in its pages to entertain and instruct.

"The manifest advantages of a North Atlantic telegraph would be, that four electrical circuits would be obtained, none of

greater length than six hundred miles; and as submarine telegraphs now working at greater lengths demonstrate the possibility of complete insulation and retardation up to that distance, whereas, when we get beyond the thousand miles, all is doubt and conjecture, to say nothing of the hazard attendant on the enterprise, and the advantage of having to relay a portion instead of the whole length of the line, in the event of a fracture, the superiority of this route cannot fail to command attention. The honor of originating the North Atlantic line belongs wholly to Colonel Shaffner, of the United States, who, in 1854, obtained a cession from the Danish government of exclusive telegraphic rights in the Faroes, Iceland, and Greenland. His proposed route is as follows: From Scotland to the Faroes, two hundred and fifty miles; from Faroes to Iceland, three hundred and fifty miles; from Iceland to Greenland, five hundred and fifty miles; from Greenland to coast of Labrador, six hundred miles. Now with regard to the objections that may be advanced against this line there are only two worthy of notice; namely, the icebergs of these northern

coasts, and the submarine volcanic line of the south-western extreme of Iceland. The latter may be easily avoided by landing the cable on any of the many eligible spots between Portland and Cape Reykianæs, and thence carrying the line across country to any part of Faxø Fiord. All this portion of the coast is free from icebergs, and the shore-ice occasionally formed in the winter is inconsiderable; and besides, it has been already demonstrated in the Baltic and American lakes that shore-ice does not interfere with the workings of submarine lines. With regard to any local electrical difficulties to be surmounted, it must be remembered that, as far as our present knowledge goes, they are only conjectural; and when it is added that the bottom in these regions is, for the most part, composed of sand and mud, and nowhere of a greater depth than two thousand fathoms,\* the only wonder is that this North-about route was not first adopted."

\* The expedition since employed to sound this line found much less depth of water than had been anticipated.

**MUDIE'S—A LITERARY INSTITUTION.**—Owing to the high price of books in England, few but the rich can buy. The multitude have either not to read or to go to the circulating libraries, where they can obtain whatever books they desire, either by annual subscription, ranging from one guinea a year to five, or by paying about eight cents a volume, with permission to retain it for a couple of days. The guinea subscriber is allowed one set of books, new or old, at one time. The five-guinea subscriber is allowed fifteen volumes of the best and newest works, at one time. One Select Library (Mudie's in New Oxford Street), purchases over one hundred and eighty thousand volumes of new books per annum. This is wholesale dealing. A recent announcement tells us on what scale new books are purchased by Mr. Mudie. Thus: *The Mill on the Floss*, three thousand copies; *Macaulay's History of England*, Vol. V., twenty-five hundred copies; *The Woman in White*, two thousand; *Motley's History of the Netherlands*, fifteen hundred; *Autobiography of Mrs. Delany*, one thousand; *Hook's Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, one thousand; *Atkinson's Travels in Amoor*, one thousand; *Paul the Pope*, by T. A. Trollope, one thousand copies. Considering that, hith-

erto, an edition of any new work, except in the case of very great previous popularity, rarely exceeds, and frequently is less than, a thousand copies, some idea of Mr. Mudie's patronage of literature may be formed.

At intervals, when the freshness of a work has vanished, Mr. Mudie reduces his stock. Out of three thousand copies of *The Mill on the Floss*, there are probably not more than three hundred volumes remaining for circulation. Other books are treated in the same way. When novelty is over, the surplus copies are sold to minor circulating libraries in town or country, or to private persons, at reduced prices.

Mr. Mudie, purchasing so largely, is allowed great privileges. For example, the retail price of Macaulay's new volume is twelve shillings sterling to the public. It is given to "*The Trade*" at nine; but Mr. Mudie does not pay more than six for each of twenty-five hundred volumes.

The circulating library—which, by the way, was invented by Allan Ramsay, the poet,—would scarcely "pay" in this country, where books are so cheap. It is the offspring of high prices, to which, we fear, an international copyright treaty would gradually but inevitably conduct us.—*Philadelphia Press*.

From The Press, 23 March.

#### ENGLAND REGAINING HER AMERICAN COLONIES.

THE contingency which we are about to set before our readers is bold and startling in its aspect; but it is by no means impossible, or even improbable. It is neither more nor less than a return of the Northern States of the American Republic to British allegiance.

The more solid and thinking portion of the Northern citizens are weary of "sensations," "rowdiness," "platforms," hard and soft conchology, and "grit" of divers degrees of consistency. They must be sick of elections, passing like moral earthquakes through the land,—tired of the "success of the ticket,"—fatigued with committees, "Franklin propositions," Chicago "conventions," and "caucuses" of every kind. The excitement produced by brandy cocktails and mint juleps leads to corresponding periods of depression, or, if continually kept up, to early decay and premature dissolution. American elections cannot fail to disgust the sober part of the community. They combine the morals of a horse-race, the manners of a dog-fight, the passions of a tap-room, and the emotions of a gambling-house. A general election in England is a series of merely local convulsions, as different from a presidential election in America as ploughing the land for a new crop is from an earthquake or volcanic displacement of the soil. A political sleep like that of Rip Van Winkle would be a national boon to our fast-going cousins on the other side of the Atlantic.

Again, it is certain that Old World institutions have greatly gained ground in American estimation. It has long been observable that, away from home, there is no monarchist or feudalist more apt and eager than your thorough Yankee. Who so venerates traditions, localities, institutions, and antiquarianism? Who makes a pilgrimage to Shakspeare's house, gazes with reverence on the Woolsack, admires Queen Victoria as the best of women, shakes hands with the Lord Mayor as a privilege, and everywhere delights in a nobleman? The American citizen. In the States themselves is there no pride of birth and family? Are there not the blue blood of Virginia, the Dutch descent of New England, and other and numerous distinctions? Is not "honorable" a coveted title?—and does not a man who deals in pistols, or any other sort of dry goods, call himself colonel or general, and perchance, if in a sufficiently inland district, commodore or admiral?

The tranquil virtues of the ruling sovereign of the old country, and the late happy visit of the Prince of Wales to the United States, have both done much to recommend his ancestral institutions and traditions to Jonathan of late. He has had his unchecked Republican swing, and it must be owned that externally his political experiment has been a marvellous and unblotted success. Possibly this has only assisted in the development of his internal difficulties. War without often strengthens union within. Both secessionists and anti-secessionists have been beguiled by the greed born of leisure and prosperity. Had the Northern and Southern States been forced to rally against a common enemy, they would not have had time and opportunity to plot against each other's prosperity, and wage cotton against hardware,—each strangling their own goose in the endeavor to snatch the golden egg from the other.

The division of the North and South, or North-North-West and South, according to Wyld's map before us, will probably, if it finally take place, hasten one of two things. Either British North America may join the Northern Confederacy, or some of the States of the Northern Confederacy will unite with the British provinces. This is a startling enunciation, but not more startling than events already passing before our eyes. It remains with Great Britain to prevent the former and invite the latter. This can only be done by the speedy union and consolidation of our North American provinces. This is no new proposition; but, much as it has been ventilated by far-seeing men, the plan still remains to be carried out, and stands invitingly forward to arrest the attention, employ the energies, and illustrate the career of some leading statesman of the age.

It is an ill wind that blows nobody good; and it is manifest that the British provinces, and their ports, their navigation, and their transit, their trade and their development, will derive a great benefit and receive a great stimulus from the closing of United States' ports and the increase of United States' tariffs. The importance, so frequently dwelt on by us, of opening a direct railway communication between Halifax and Quebec through British territory now forces itself on public attention. Hitherto Liverpool and Cunard, Rowland Hill and his patrons and satellites, the *Times* and what is called the moneyed interest, have combined to give the preference to Boston and New York over our own cities and stations. We have paid £200,000 a year to have even our letters carried by a circuitous route to Canada on



American railroads. It is time that all this should end. Mr. Lever and the Galway Company made a great mistake when they abandoned or falsified their proposition to maintain British interests by a direct route via Galway to and through our own possessions. Amongst others, Sir Allan M'Nab, a stanch and sturdy colonist, was deceived by these representations into an early co-operation with the adventure. Greedy speculation, coupled with shortsighted policy, is not always certain even of an immediate return. Before the Galway line is in full play, or properly established, it will be a question of a change of route, of which the speculators were fully forewarned.

If, again, our supposition of the greatest and strongest Union that the world has ever seen, including the whole of the Lake territory, and all the continent of North America, from New Jersey, Arkansas, and California northward, under British sway—if all this be a dream, and an insult to free and enlightened citizens (which last emphatically we do not mean), then there remains a second most important consideration before us. In British North America, as it is, there are room and resources for the most magnificent empire in the world. In British North America there exists that of which the united and disunited States cannot boast—a patent highway of communication and traffic between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Upon this, and its vast importance, we shall not now expatiate further than to say that it does exist. In 1850 a bulky volume was published by Messrs. Richards and Wilson, in which not only was the late royal visit to America and its good effects prefigured, but the union of our North American provinces dwelt upon at considerable length. The climate, fertility, resources, and facilities of an interoceanic communication within the limits of British North America were entered upon in this volume, which American journalism attributed to the British government, which sent Asa Whitney to this country, and which caused three separate explorations to be made of United States' territory, with a view of anticipating British enterprise in extending a broad belt of commerce and dominion round half the globe. In this country the progress of the idea has been sure though not rapid. Truth on so vast a basis cannot fail to erect some edifice, be it palace or mausoleum, workshop or tomb.

If the union of British North America be now accomplished, thus much is at least certain,—that annexation to the Northern States of America will not take place. On the

other hand, we have sufficiently prefigured the possibility of a far different issue. The annexation of the Old Country has long been a favorite topic among our free-spoken kinsmen. Surely, there can be no harm in reversing the situation, and in making every thing ready for them, should they at any time be disposed to annex themselves.

From The Economist, 16 March.

THE COMPARATIVE MONEYED POWER  
OF THE SLAVE STATES AND OF  
THE FREE.

The present state of America suggests many questions which before now no one ever dreamed of considering, and consequently gives many collections of statistics a significance and value which were not anticipated by those who amassed them. We are now constantly discussing the relative power of the Free States and the Slave States,—we are continually estimating what the relative force of each will be in time of war, and what its capacity for commerce in time of peace. The vagueness of such speculations makes any accurate and systematic data very valuable, and it fortunately happens that we have one nearly complete set of figures which are exactly fitted to aid our understandings. In whatever respect America is defective, it is not defective in banking statistics. The Democratic government of the United States has exacted from the banks throughout its territory a degree of minute information which no despotism can exceed, and which seems the maximum of inquisitorial tyranny to an English banker.

These statistics will now be of use to us. The moneyed wealth of a State is a reasonably approximate index both of its efficiency in war and its capacity in peace. And of its moneyed wealth the deposits in its banks are a fair comparative test. These deposits represent the floating capital which it is able to embark in any pursuit it pleases: they are the *sinees* which it can apply as well to the task of creation as to that of destruction. If a nation is poor in these accumulated resources, its efforts, whether military or pacific, will probably be weak. If a nation is rich in these, we may reasonably expect that its exertions will be effective and powerful abroad both in war and commerce. What, then, is the comparative strength of the Slave States and of the Free when estimated by this significant and searching test?

The aggregate deposits of the whole American Union are a little more than £57,000,000, and of this a very little more than one-

fourth belongs to the Slave States. The "New York of the South." The figures enumeration is as follows:—\*

	Deposits. £
Alabama . . . . .	1,091,509
Delaware . . . . .	219,650
Florida . . . . .	29,141
Georgia . . . . .	1,066,115
Kentucky . . . . .	1,274,150
Louisiana . . . . .	4,450,008
Maryland . . . . .	1,996,690
Missouri . . . . .	755,364
North Carolina . . . . .	334,636
South Carolina . . . . .	937,263
Tennessee . . . . .	973,079
Virginia . . . . .	1,739,172
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	14,866,777
Kansas Territory . . . . .	606
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	14,867,383

All the remainder of the floating capital of America belongs to the Free States. The deposits in the banks of the latter are as follows:—

Connecticut . . . . .	£1,254,352
Illinois . . . . .	156,833
Indiana . . . . .	382,607
Iowa . . . . .	118,659
Maine . . . . .	542,479
Massachusetts . . . . .	6,256,056
Michigan . . . . .	84,464
New Hampshire . . . . .	267,297
New Jersey . . . . .	1,291,829
New York . . . . .	23,415,811
Ohio . . . . .	908,912
Pennsylvania . . . . .	5,887,764
Rhode Island . . . . .	799,448
Vermont . . . . .	177,262
Wisconsin . . . . .	694,307

42,238,080

Not a very magnificent list of "deposits" according to the notions of an English banker, but indicative of far greater wealth than those of the Slave States.

There are no returns from Arkansas, Mississippi, or Texas, where the banking system seems to be very rudimentary and imperfect. California likewise is not included.

Nor does this comparison, instructive though it is, give us by itself an adequate impression of the exact nature of the unequal rivalry which has at length arisen between the North and the South. The most expressive parallel is to contrast the great Free State of New York with the Slave State of South Carolina, which already anticipates that its capital (Charleston) will be the

\* These figures are made up according to the return received nearest to 1st of Jan. 1860, the last date up to which the whole of them have been made public.

	Deposits. £
New York . . . . .	23,415,811
South Carolina . . . . .	937,263

A very hopeless comparison for the novel and boastful aspirant.

We arrive at the same result if we compare the accommodation given to trade in the South and in the North. The loans and discounts of the four Free States which had lent the most were as follows:—

	Loans and Discount. £
New York . . . . .	45,079,500
Massachusetts . . . . .	24,168,897
Pennsylvania . . . . .	11,323,610
Connecticut . . . . .	6,267,776

And of the four Slave States which had lent the most:—

	Loans and Discount. £
Louisiana . . . . .	7,965,361
South Carolina . . . . .	6,255,430
Kentucky . . . . .	5,689,036
Virginia . . . . .	5,619,553

The accommodation given by the whole four not being nearly equal to that given by the single Free State of New York.

There are two very important reflections which these statistics will at once suggest at the present moment to the mind of every Englishman. The first is, that the portion of America which will be injuriously affected by the highly stringent provisions of the new protective tariff is far richer than the part which will not be so affected. Our wealthiest customers are in the Free States, and, with an absurd infatuation, those States are endeavoring to exclude the commodities they could best purchase from us, and are fostering a costly system of unhealthy protection within their own boundaries. It is not likely that they will be successful. It is not likely that the great grain-growing States of the interior will be content to be taxed for the exclusive benefit of the manufacturing and mining interest of their Eastern neighbors. It is not likely, as we have elsewhere observed, that they will be able to establish a line of custom-houses over a great tract of country where such an institution is unknown. Still, for a time the infatuated effort may have a pernicious effect, and we cannot fail to observe with regret that it will tend to impair our profitable intercourse with our richest Transatlantic neighbors.

The second remark is of a different kind. The poorness of the Southern States in loanable capital will tend to attract that capital

from hence. Already has this happened to some extent, and "cotton bills" have even now been discounted in Lombard Street, which in former times would never, by any chance, have found their way there. We may expect this call for our capital will largely augment. Cotton will still be grown in the Southern States, probably for many years in enormous and augmenting quantities, and, as capital is scarce there, and the difficulty of getting it at the North must for some time be greater than it has been, we may confidently expect that it will be sought after here. This emigration of capital is natural and inevitable, and if it were not for the peculiar structure of society in the Southern States of America it would not be a subject for regret. It is natural and proper that the capital of old and accumulating countries should be transmitted to assist the industry of young and rising communities. Raw cotton is the most pressing requisite of our manufacturing industry, and wherever it is to be raised probably English capital must go to raise it. Such an interchange of benefits between new countries and old is a principal instrument of commercial civilization, and if we are wise we should rather seek for its increase than desire its diminution. But the present social and industrial system of the Southern States of America is too inseparably bound up with slavery to make it possible for us to rejoice at an increased connection with them. We do not mean that there is any reason for apprehending a slave outbreak in consequence of present events; indeed, we do not believe that an abrupt termination to American slavery is very likely to happen speedily from any cause. But with such a basis as slavery, every social system must be unstable and unsatisfactory; and it must be with regret that we contemplate the evident probabilities of a new tie between us and any industrial system resting upon an essentially false and dangerous foundation.

From The Press,\* 6 April.

#### ENGLAND AND THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

THE hour is at hand when a new power will take its place among the states of Christendom. The British government has just made a formal recognition of the kingdom of Italy, and already commissioners from another new state are on their way to claim a similar recognition of accomplished facts. The government of the new Southern Confederacy of America has despatched three commissioners to obtain from the leading

states of Europe the recognition of their country as an independent power and to negotiate with them commercial treaties on the footing of reciprocity. These commissioners are now crossing the Atlantic, and in little more than a week they will arrive to commence their important mission at the court of St. James. A new minister at the British court has at the same time been appointed by the Cabinet of Washington, to represent the views of President Lincoln, and he will arrive almost simultaneously with the rival mission from Montgomery.

The Southern States are confident as to the success of their mission, and their confidence is well founded. The principle of the British government is to recognize every *de facto* government, and the government of the Southern Confederacy is as much an accomplished fact as is the kingdom of Italy. The Northern States—the old Union—may not recognize the new Confederacy, any more than Austria recognizes the kingdom of Italy; but they have made no attempt to resist its establishment, and if they do make such an attempt they will assuredly fail. Our government has no choice in this matter. We have no desire to see any undue haste in the recognition of the new power. Our government, out of courtesy to the Cabinet of Washington, may delay its answer for a few days, until it is fully apprised of the views and intentions of President Lincoln. But any longer delay than is absolutely necessary is most strongly to be deprecated. We need not say it would be unseemly that England, who so readily recognizes all governments, should be behind France in acknowledging a state of her own kindred. It is enough for us that the Cabinet at Montgomery is a *de facto* government, and accordingly entitled to be recognized by us as an independent power, with whom diplomatic relations have to be established and commercial treaties negotiated.

The recognition of the Southern Confederacy cannot be avoided, nor do we desire to avoid it. The regret of the English people at the rupture of the American Union was a feeling most honorable to them, and which testified, in a most striking manner, the attachment and good-will of the parent nation to its noble offspring beyond the Atlantic. The regret was genuine and universal, and yet the calamity to the Union which we deplored was evidently favorable to our own interests, both political and commercial. When his house is divided against itself, Brother Jonathan can no longer bully us, as with generous patience we have so often permitted him to do. And also, with the establishment of a Confederacy of purely agricultural States in the South, the restric-

\* The Press is D'Israeliite—Tory.

tive tariff of the old Union, and the still more restrictive one recently adopted, will no longer suffice to prevent the entry of our manufactures into the American continent. Free-trade pure and simple—free-trade of the most absolute kind is opened to us by the new Confederacy; not as a bait—though it is a powerful one—but because such a commercial system is of all others most in accordance with its own interests. Even our shipping interest will benefit largely by this change in the political organization of North America; for the Cabinet of Washington will find it hard to maintain any longer its preposterous assertion that the maritime traffic between New York and California is a portion of its “coasting-trade.”

From The Economist, 16 March.

#### THE USE OF THE FRENCH DEBATES TO THE EMPEROR.

WE do not think the debates either in the Senate or the *Corps Legislatif* can be quite pleasant to the emperor. To hear himself denounced as the enemy of the Church and the tool of England must be far from agreeable. To hear it said that he has lost all hold over the Italian movement and weakly permitted France to be entirely surrounded by kingdoms of the first order, cannot be agreeable to any Frenchman, least of all to a Napoleon. But we think there are several counterbalancing advantages which so shroud a politician as the emperor will not be slow to discern. And these we will attempt to point out.

In the first place, then, it will do much to set him right with the other governments of Europe—to exonerate him from the charge of having stimulated a selfish and greedy spirit in the French people. It is only candid to admit that the more we hear of the true political aspirations of the French people, the more highly we appreciate the difficulties of the French government, and the more credit we are disposed to give it for the generally liberal course it has taken in Italian affairs. It would certainly seem, not only that the emperor was driven on by the public opinion of France in the annexation of Savoy and Nice, for that we knew before, but that it exerted a great pressure upon him to carry out a thoroughly French policy in Italy,—that it would have obliged him, if it could have done so, to force the Villafranca treaty on the people of Italy, to defeat the plans of Garibaldi, to take an active part in the defence of the King of Naples, and to maintain by French arms the temporal authority of the pope. All this, as we learn by the divisions and debates in the

French Chambers, would have been a highly popular policy in France,—would have gained for the emperor the enthusiastic support of all the women and all the priests, and, in consequence, the active if not the enthusiastic support of a very considerable number of the men. We cannot deny, in the face of the strong opposition which has manifested itself in both Chambers, that the emperor has at least represented a policy of a more moderate, a more statesman-like, and a far more liberal cast, than that which would have gained him the greatest popularity at home. Nor is it difficult to imagine that in acting as he did about Savoy and Nice,—nay, even in breaking, as he did, his pledge to give Chablais and Faucigny to Switzerland, he might have been carried away by a selfish tide of public opinion which he thought too strong to resist. Certainly, from the three most discreditable features of the French Opposition,—the dread of a United Italy, the hatred of England, and the subserviency to the Papal See,—the emperor's policy has shown itself far more free than the opinions of the nation at large would appear to be. In foreign policy at least, there has been far less divergence between the actual diplomacy of the empire and the views of such men as M. Jules Favre, than between the recommendations of the latter and those of the party represented by M. Plichon, or M. Kéller. If the debates, then, were of no other use to the emperor, they would at least do much to explain the difficulties under which he has labored in attempting to reconcile the wishes of France and Italy. We do not suppose that it was disagreeable to him to annex Savoy and Nice, nor that he was glad to see the terms of the Villafranca treaty cast to the winds,—but we do now know that if such had been his feelings, he could scarcely have dared to express them openly and without  *finesse*  in the present condition of French opinion. There is so large a mass of that opinion far more illiberal than that of the emperor's government, that the actual policy of his government seems benignant and wise in the comparison. Already the fruits of this debate are telling on the English press, and papers that have been for years pleading for the stifled opinion of France against the tyranny of the empire, are now,—not certainly deploring the new freedom,—but devoting all their strength to defending the policy of the empire against the opinion of France. A French Opposition that openly declares for war with England, cannot but in some measure gain over English opinion to the side of the French government.

Another advantage resulting from this

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new freedom of invective will be, that it must soon evoke an unofficial party in defence of the more liberal acts of the French Government within the nation as well as outside; and nothing, we know, would strengthen the imperial government so much as some really independent support. Previously the true Liberals were too anxious for a still more liberal policy in Italy,—were too anxious for a still closer co-operation with England, to appear as advocates of the French government,—and they were, moreover, too much disgusted with the restrictive interior policy of the emperor for such a step. But it is of the essence of a violent Opposition to condense the ranks of the supporters of government, and the French Liberals cannot help giving far warmer support to the foreign policy of the empire than they have ever been disposed to give to its policy before, in the face of such assaults. No doubt, too, this advocacy of its foreign policy will to a certain extent induce the government to concede something to the same party in domestic policy, so that little by little the emperor may gain a band of really independent supporters, if the Papal and anti-English party are foolish enough to persevere in their invectives.

Again, it will be, we think, a very great

advantage to the ministerial officials of the empire that they should be obliged to plead the cause of the government before a vehement French Opposition. Hitherto no cabinet in Europe has been more contemptible than the so-called French cabinet, which was indeed a mere staff of secretaries. Often perhaps they have had no views of their own. Sometimes their views have been known to be at issue with those of their master. They have regarded themselves, and consequently have been regarded, as the mere tools of his will. This can scarcely remain the same,—or at least can scarcely remain so much so as before,—if once the ministers acquire the habit of identifying themselves with the government in an assembly where free discussion is permitted. The result is, and must be, to imbue them far more thoroughly with the policy they defend, than any of their purely official duties can be conceived to do. In the warmth of such argument a certain amount of genuine conviction is generated, even where it did not exist before,—and we are sure that the debates in the French Chambers will result in giving Louis Napoleon a better and more coherent-minded cabinet, if he choose to use it, than he ever had before.

**MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, HAD SHE A DAUGHTER?**—By a strange coincidence I had just been reading Mr. Reid's curious paper on Mary and Douglas of Lochleven (*ante*, p. 50.) when I met with a bookseller's catalogue in which Castelnau's *Memoires* are spoken of as the only book containing an account of Mary's having given birth to a daughter by Bothwell. I was about on the instant to send off to "N. and Q.," a Query as to the fact; but on second thoughts first referred to its indices to see if it contained any thing upon the subject. I was rewarded for so doing (as one generally is for doing right) by finding a long and valuable Query by A. S. A., in the sixth volume of the present Series. A. S. A.'s paper seems almost to settle in the affirmative his own inquiry; but not so completely, I dare say, as to satisfy those who think the beautiful Scottish queen could do no wrong. A. S. A.'s Query has, however, not called forth a single reply. You have among your many learned correspondents one at least

(I mean J. M., who has done so much in your columns to illustrate Early Scottish History and Literature) capable of throwing light upon this very curious point of history, and I hope you will indulge me with the small space necessary to recall attention to it by the present communication.—*Notes and Queries*.

**PASQUINADES.**—Would Cuthbert Bede, or some other correspondent who has turned his attention to the subject, furnish the readers of "N. and Q." with a list of the rival publications to *Punch*?

If the entire list should be too long for insertion, one supplemental to that in the *Quarterly*, would be most acceptable to many.—*Notes and Queries*.

**ADAM WITH A BEARD.**—Can you inform me if there is any picture or statue by old or modern artists and sculptors in which Adam is represented with a beard?—*Notes and Queries*.



From Chambers's Journal.  
SCIENCE AND ARTS FOR FEBRUARY.

BUNSEN and Kirchhoff's interesting experiments with the spectrum in chemical analysis have been repeated by Mr. Matthiessen, at a meeting of the Royal Society, to the gratification of all beholders, for, apart from the intrinsic value of the results, some of the effects are strikingly beautiful. The black lines seen in a solar spectrum, which are known to students as Fraunhofer's lines, appear white, as Mr. Matthiessen demonstrated, when the spectrum is produced by the spark from a galvanic coil. Seeing, then, that every different kind of light hitherto tried shows a different effect on the spectrum, the light of the stars is to be tested by the same apparatus, in the hope that conclusions may be arrived at concerning the physical condition of those distant bodies, and the nature of their atmosphere. Foucault showed, some years ago, that the ray D of the electric spectrum coincides with the same ray of the solar spectrum; if, therefore, the starlight spectrum present the same coincidence, it would be safe to infer an identity in the nature of the light. There seems something wonderful in the notion of thus making out the secrets of remote space by scanning an illuminated stripe within a small darkened box. With regard to the hygienic view of the question, readers of our former notice of this subject will remember what was said concerning sodium and dust; the vast amount of sodium in the atmosphere is derived from the sea by evaporation, and diffused by the action of winds and waves; each minute particle of water holds a still more minute solid nucleus of chloride of sodium, which remains floating in the air after the water has evaporated. Now, it seems reasonable to conclude, that these minute particles supply some minute forms of organic life with the saline element essential to existence, and that animal life generally is influenced by their presence in greater or lesser proportions. Hence, to quote from the *Journal of the Chemical Society*, "if, as is scarcely doubtful at the present day, the explanation of the spread of contagious disease is to be sought for in some peculiar contact-action, it is possible that the presence of an anti-septic substance like chloride of sodium, even in almost infinitely small quantities, may not be without influence upon such occurrences in the atmosphere." The test for this theory would be a constant and long-continued series of spectrum observations, noted hour by hour, as has been the case with magnetical and meteorological observations, whereby the increase or diminution

of sodium in the atmosphere would be detected.

Among the experiments made by Loewel, a chemist lately deceased, there are some of singular importance, as appears from a work published in France. It was discovered, two or three years ago, that air filtered through a layer of cotton would not excite fermentation; that the freezing of water under cotton is less firm than when uncovered, and that crystallization is retarded by the same means: Loewel found that air, heated by friction or agitation, will not excite crystallization. If compressed air be allowed to escape in a jet from a receiver, and play upon a saturated solution, no crystals appear; but if only two or three bubbles of common air be permitted to pass, the solution will solidify. Air, in this passive condition, is distinguished as adynamic, and the filtered air would come under the same definition. What is the significance of this peculiarity? Does it apply on the large scale, and is the air of our atmosphere ever thrown into an adynamic condition by hurricanes and storms, and is the effect thereof on human beings in any wise different from that of undisturbed air? Again, is there in this adynamic air any support for the theory of spontaneous generation, or the reverse? To answer these and other inquiries which suggest themselves, would be an interesting course of research for some ingenious and diligent student.

Some years ago, Mr. R. W. Fox, of Falmouth, astonished the scientific world by showing specimens of artificial copper produced by electricity; we now hear of a German chemist who produces silver—sterling silver, not German—by artificial means, at a cost of about three shillings an ounce. We hear, moreover, that a snug company is forming to work the discovery on a profitable scale: the appliances required are certain chemical preparations and galvanic apparatus of sufficient power to act on them. Should the experiment succeed on the large scale, the profit will certainly be handsome, and additional weight will attach to the opinion, that all metals are resolvable into two or three elements.

The new telegraph company for London, to which we called attention last autumn, is making satisfactory progress, and the expectations formed of the usefulness of Mr. Wheatstone's simplified instruments are fully realized. They—the company have already erected a number of lines across the house-tops, and purpose extending the same system into all parts of the metropolis. Mr. Reuter, of multi-telegram reputation, rents more than a score of wires for his own espe-

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cial use; the *Times*, for the present, has taken three; the city police avail themselves of the new system, as also certain manufacturing firms; and now, when a lady calls to ask when her piano will be ready, instead of being told that she will be informed by post next day, receives an immediate answer by telegraph from the factory in the suburbs. The rent charged for a wire is £4 a mile per annum, inclusive of maintenance; and in cases where it is not desired to purchase the instruments, they also may be rented. One economical advantage, which the company derive from the use of Mr. Wheatstone's instruments, is, that small wires are available for the transmission of messages; for as from thirty to fifty such wires can each be completely insulated in an india-rubber cord not thicker than a man's finger, it follows that in setting up a mile of cord fifty miles of wire are set up at once, which may be rented to as many different individuals. When set up, the cord is painted white, to check absorption of heat; and it is found that india-rubber is far preferable to gutta-percha as an insulator, inasmuch as it will bear extremes of temperature without any of that softening which allows the wires to shift their position in a gutta-percha coating. The india-rubber cord is manufactured by Messrs. Silver, at their works near North Woolwich; and it is worth notice that the central wire, which is thicker than the others, is the "hanging wire," and bears all the strain of suspension, whereby the conducting wires are left free from strain-disturbances, and have nothing to do but convey the messages. We hear that four hundred telegraph stations are to be established in Paris.

The late severe visitation of frost has occasioned the inquiry—Is it possible to announce the approach of a frost by telegraph, as it is to give warning of a cyclone? a question of vital importance to vine-growers in the south of France. The answer, which has however to be demonstrated by practise, is that it is possible, for cold currents in the atmosphere are commonly a day or a day and a half in travelling from the north of Russia to the Pyrenees: hence, if a message were flashed from Archangel or Stockholm, notifying a fall of the temperature to 20 degrees or to 0 degrees, which would be represented by 30 degrees or by 10 degrees in the south of France, the cultivators would have sufficient time to protect their vineyards by the usual means, which, as is well known, cost but little, and are easily applicable.

The Academy of Sciences at Naples offer a prize for researches in answer to the question: What are the circumstances in which

the atmospheric oxygen is transformed into ozone? Is the cause of the change to be sought for in vegetation or electricity? Does the change take place by day or by night, and in what electric condition is the atmosphere at the time of the change?—Wolf, of Zurich, is pursuing his observations on the sun-spots, and is collecting all the tables of past observations which he can hear of for the purpose of corroborating his theoretical calculations. So far the verification is satisfactory; but he is particularly in want of observations for the years 1729 and 1748; and any one who can inform him where these may be found, will aid the cause of science. He finds by his investigations that a small defined spot crossed the solar disk in 1800, which seems to answer to one of the appearances of the intra-Mercurial planet, Vulcan, as ascertained by retrospective calculation.—Dr. Buijs Ballot, of Utrecht, who is also a sun-observer, with especial attention to solar rotation and temperature, is led to conclude that one-half of the sun is hotter than the other. In the photosphere, or atmosphere of light, which surrounds the mighty orb, he finds a movement from west to east in the equatorial region, thereby confirming the deductions of former observers, that trade-winds exist on the sun as well as on the earth.—M. Liais shows the perturbations of Mercury which have long puzzled astronomers, to arise from its exposure to a continual shower of aërolites, which of course affects its mass. Of this shower of aërolites, our earth occasionally receives a few wandering specimens; its quantity is enormously increased with nearness to the sun, and hence the ceaseless fall on Mercury. To it, as M. Liais remarks, we owe the phenomenon of the zodiacal light; and agreeing with other physicists, he believes it to be the source and support of the sun's heat: derived from without, and not from within.

These are among the most important questions in astronomical or in cosmical science, and we cannot therefore pass them by unnoticed. While one class of inquirers is occupied with their investigation, another is discussing that interesting geological question, which, in consequence of recent chemical discoveries, has once more revived—the debate between fire and water. The Neptunists, as the aqueous philosophers are called, are bringing forward more convincing arguments than before, which it will tax the ingenuity of the Vulcanists to confute. Granite cannot have been formed by the action of fire, assert the former, because that rock is constituted of minerals whose melting-point is so different that they could not have been formed at one and the same time;

and yet these minerals interpenetrate and cross each other, like the roots of neighboring trees. Again, mica and free silica exist in the same mass of granite; and some kinds of granite contain soft mica charged with from four to five per cent of water, which facts appear quite irreconcilable with the theory of a volcanic origin.

A lively debate has also taken place among the members of the Academy of Medicine at Paris, on that highly important question—Life. The argument was carried on from three different points of view: that of the organicists; that of the animists; and that of the vitalists; and each party found much to say in support of their own opinions. The vitalists, who contend that life is a vital force entirely independent of physical influences, were triumphantly answered by M. Poggiale, who proved to demonstration that the phenomena of life are due to physico-chemical action. The chemist, applying his science to physiology, experiments on the living organism, and discovers the formation of sugar in the liver; that in respiration oxygen combines with the hydrogen and carbon of the blood, and produces animal heat; and that the gastric and pancreatic juice act upon alimentary substances enclosed in glass tubes with the same result as in the body. The result of the debate will probably be to give an impulse to the science which embraces the chemistry of life.

Dr. Hooker, who has recently returned from a scientific travel in the range of Lebanon, in company with Captain Washington of the Admiralty, has catalogued the plants collected by the naturalist of the yacht *Fox* in her recent North Atlantic surveying expedition. The number is one hundred and seventy, of which nearly one hundred are flowering-plants; and the doctor, after contrasting them with the plants of other arctic localities, and thereby widening the scope of geographical botany, adds, that he "is drawing up a general account of the whole arctic flora, which he shall have the honor of laying before the Linnæan Society." From the soundings made during this expedition, further confirmation has been gained that animal life can be maintained at very great depths. About midway between Greenland and Ireland, living star-fish were brought up from one thousand two hundred and sixty fathoms—nearly a mile and a half; and minute annelids were found at one thousand nine hundred and thirteen fathoms. Clearly

the "zero in the distribution of animal life," referred to by the late eminent naturalist, Edward Forbes, is not yet arrived at.

At the instance of Mr. Tite, the Institute of British Architects have held a discussion "on the various processes for the preservation of stone," in which, as was hoped, available facts and principles were brought out, and trustworthy information given as to the actual condition of the walls of the Houses of Parliament, to which the preserving wash has been applied. The whole question of building materials is one of increasing importance; and while the present high price of bricks is maintained, experiments will be made to render stone durable, or to produce some artificial substitute. We noticed, some time since, the *béton*, a kind of concrete, manufactured in blocks at Paris, suitable for walls either above or below ground, and for factory cisterns, as it resists the action of acids, and, judging from late reports, it answers expectation. A builder at Reading, actuated by a close examination of the mortar which still binds the flint walls of the ancient abbey in that town, with almost irresistible tenacity, has recently patented a process for the manufacture of what he calls "Reading Abbey Rubble Stone," which resists moisture, heat, cold, and pressure, presenting a clean and smooth surface, capable of formation into mouldings, corbels, quoins, balustrades, and so forth, and acquiring an extraordinary degree of hardness within a few minutes after leaving the moulds. Seeing that ornamental blocks and slabs of any size can be produced, all the parts of a house, the steps, landings, basement-stairs and floors, sinks and window-sills, may be fashioned from this "rubble-stone," as well as blocks for the walls, and at a cost below that of bricks.

As meteorological reports come in from distant parts, it appears that scarcely any region of the globe has escaped the visitation of unusual weather: the continent of Europe, North Africa, North America, as well as England, had more clouds and rain than sunshine; and now we hear that Australia has experienced an unusual demand for umbrellas. In the middle of November last, about a month from their midsummer, the colonists of New South Wales were glad to sit by the fire; and from the beginning of the year, up to that time, more than five feet of rain had fallen.

From The Transcript.

# DEATH OF HON. JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.

JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM, the well-remembered editor and originator of the weekly *New England Galaxy*, and the daily *Boston Courier*, died at his residence in Old Cambridge this morning, at half-past two o'clock. There are very few men who, in their day and generation, have filled a larger space in the public eye, within and beyond their own community, than Joseph T. Buckingham occupied in the hey-day of his lifetime. He was a man of most indomitable energy, of highly moral character, of excellent scholarship,—which he attained, through natural taste, by severe labor and thorough reading—of acute discernment of all political affairs and political men, which came within his range, from the time when he entered active life, nearly unto that in which he passed away. He was a writer of great nerve and of exceeding vigor—a thorough master of the English language. In the field of controversy he was a terrible opponent,—in judgment of passing affairs, he was always quick and decided,—in many things humorous and satirical—in the office of paying tribute to the memory of departed friends, and in sketching the lives of men, as they actually were, he was unequalled in his truthfulness and lifelike descriptions.

Mr. Buckingham was born in Windham, a small town in the north part of Connecticut, Dec. 21, 1779. His father was a Revolutionary soldier. In his early days he was apprenticed to the printing business, which was the great object of his young desire, at what was then a somewhat celebrated printing-office, in Walpole, N. H., where he commenced his novitiate in 1796. He afterwards pursued his vocation in Greenfield, Mass., and in 1799, he came to Boston, a youthful, unknown, and unfriended adventurer. After some experience as a journeyman printer, he commenced the publication of the *New England Galaxy*, a weekly journal, which, under his auspices, with almost the single aid of his talent and industry, reached the highest rank, and the largest circulation of any secular journal of that day, and wielded more influence than any similar journal has ever attained in this country. The *Galaxy* was a terror to pretenders and mountebanks of all descriptions,—political, clerical, and miscellaneous

—and was also always cheering to virtue and sobriety, to prudence, honesty, and truth. The paper had also the supplementary title of *Masonic Magazine*, as Mr. Buckingham was an early member of the Masonic Fraternity.

Mr. Buckingham had been previously engaged in other periodical publications, which, as they and the memory of them have almost passed away, among the multitude of such productions, it is not necessary to mention here. One of his earliest friend was the late Rev. Dr. Charles Lowell, who has so recently passed from life before him. He was of valuable assistance to the youthful struggler for subsistence and fame, by his introductions to eminent publishers of that day. A more intimate friend (Rev. Dr. Frothingham) was his own pastor at the First Church in this city, and was for many long years his intimate friend and correspondent.

In 1824, Mr. Buckingham came out, unscathed, from a bitter libel suit, which was instituted against him by Rev. John N. Mafitt, a Methodist clergyman of much celebrity in which trial the character of the prosecutor was the principal point which was before the jury. The notoriety which this circumstance added to the fame and power of the editor of the *Galaxy*, called for the expression of such a man's opinions in a wider field, and the result was the establishment of the *Boston Daily Courier*, on the 1st of March of that year. He continued its publication, with much favor and success, though not with great profit, until 1848, when, from political reasons, he retired from newspaper publication, and finally left his long-occupied editorial chair, though he continued to write for various journals after that time.

In 1831, in connection with his son, Edwin, Mr. Buckingham commenced the publication of the *New England Magazine*, a monthly periodical of much literary ability; but the enterprise was discontinued two years afterwards, as he had no heart to continue it after the death of his much-loved coadjutor.

A man like Mr. Buckingham was, of course, a mark for political honor and corporation dignity. He was a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives from Boston and from Cambridge; he was

also a senator from Middlesex County for two years. He was President of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association for many years, and during his presidency, the Massachusetts Mechanic Association took up the business of finishing the Bunker Hill Monument, which at that time was only a heap of stones upon an open field. To no man more than to Joseph T. Buckingham belongs the credit of raising and finishing the Bunker Hill Monument. He started the idea,—he had with him such men as Edward Everett and William Sullivan, with Robert G. Shaw, and other patriotic men,—and completed the erection of the monument which is now before our eyes.

In speaking of the bright talent of the friend who has passed away from us, noth-

ing has been said of his social and family qualities. No better man was ever known than Joseph T. Buckingham was at home. There he was supreme in his love and his affection. He was a most indulgent and careful father. The loving partner of his life passed away before him, to his great grief and his manifold sorrow. In his last days he looked only to the future which was beyond the tomb, in his quiet, composed, and entirely submissive manner. He looked forward to death as a relief from the burdens of life through which he had passed, as a shining light in his day. He had no desire to pass through them again. Peace be upon him, for he was a man, who, take him all in all, we ne'er shall look upon his like again.

I. W. F.

"BOGIE:" WHAT IS IT?—Your correspondent, Timon, derives this word from a villain of that name, who is reported to have pillaged Surat in 1664. This material Bogie may have alarmed the Dutch merchants of that place, although it appears from the story that he avoided coming to logger-heads with them; but I much question his authorship of the famous *spectrum*, which held our infant grandmothers in fear. The reign of nursery terror seems to have been universal: thus, it is said (see Gibbon), the Assyrian mothers scared their infants with the name of Narses; so did the Syrians, with that of Richard of the Lion-heart; and the Turks, with some version of the name of the Hungarian king. I expect that *Lurdane* was a sound causing terror in its day; and our own Wellington is celebrated in song, in a sort of Anglo-French nursery-rhyme, which I do not remember to have seen in print, as being "tall and straight as Ronen steeple," and dining and supping, regularly of course, "every morning and at night," upon the never-failing supply of "naughty people." (A version of this little ode, of three or four stanzas, would be a pretty addition to the *Arundines Cami*.)

To apply this to *Bogie*, whom I can hardly conceive to have appeared in England, from the Dutch, only in the seventeenth century, the notion of terror conveyed in it points to *Boh*; who (as Warton tells us, *Diss.* i. p. xxviii.) was the fiercest of the Gothic generals, and son of Odin to boot, whose name was enough to spread a panic among his enemies. Then, passing onwards, we have the Russian word *boh* (=angel, or saint); and in the sixteenth century we find

*bugs*,\* in the company of "goblins, fairies nightmares, urchins, and elves" (see Brand's *Pop. Antig.*, "Robin Goodfellow, *alias* Pucke, *alias* Hobgoblin"); and also used for *terror* in the version of Psalm xci. 5., in Mathewes' Bible.

I would suggest, therefore, that *Bogie* has been received, among other vernacular legacies, from our northern ancestors,—derived from old *Boh*, through the Scandinavian *boh*,—and is neither more nor less than *ghost*; and that this is also the origin of the name of the strange sect of Mystics, or Spiritualists, in the tenth century, who were styled in the Slavonian district, *Bogomiles*.—*Notes and Queries*.

Ονειροποιεῖται.—When Coleridge awoke from his dream of "Christabel," he transcribed it *memoriter et in extenso*: rarely has the extravagant and erring spirit hied back to its confine with so precious an acquirement. Was Coleridge its author? If not, who was?

One night, I sat out the presentation of a drama: all whereof has escaped my memory, save the general impression of its excellence and the remembrance of four especial lines. I awoke repeating them:—

"The morning now, like to some potent lord  
Making himself a king above his peers,  
Puts off her meaner coronet of stars,  
And takes the sun for her bright diadem."

Claiming none of their praise to myself, I wish to record them in "N. and Q."—*Notes and Queries*.

\* Richardson gives *bug*, *bugbear*, *bugabo*; but not *Bogie*.

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3. T.  
4. C.  
5. T.  
6. T.  
7. T.  
8. T.  
9. A.  
10. T.  
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